

"IN ARKANSAS," BY Th. BENTZON (MME. BLANC).  
Translated by E. S. Schaeffer.

AMANA COLONY—A PICTURE OF THE WORKINGS OF CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.  
By Bertha M. Horak.

Vol- 6.

JULY.

No- 1.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART

## CONTENTS.

- Frontispiece: A Representative Club Woman of Idaho.  
3. On Foot in Egypt and Palestine. H. N. Tjernagel  
With Illustrations.  
14. Our Country: Poem. William Cundill  
15. Vicksburg Thirty Years After the Surrender. H. B. Pierce  
With Illustrations.  
19. In Still July: Poem. Frank Verne Stevens  
20. The Devil's Backbone. Samuel Calvin  
With Illustrations.  
26. A Summer Day: Poem. Clarence Hawkes  
27. Amana Colony: Prize Paper. Bertha M. Horak  
With Illustrations.  
36. To Octave Thanet: Poem. Mary J. Reid  
37. In Arkansas. I. Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc)  
Translated by E. S. Schaeffer.  
47. Military Telegraph in the West. Geo. H. Smith  
Midland War Sketches. XXIII.  
THE MIDLAND'S FICTION DEPARTMENT.  
52. La Guaiablesse. Georgiana Hoagkins  
55. The Fool of Port Andrew. Richard Lloyd Jones  
66. At Emerson's Grave: Poem. Selden L. Whitcomb  
WOMEN'S CLUB DEPARTMENT.  
67. The Louisville Convention of Women. Martha Scott Anderson  
With Portraits.  
74. Women's Clubs in Idaho. Eunice Pond Athey  
With Portraits.  
83. Club Notes. Harriet C. Townner  
THE MIDLAND'S FICTION DEPARTMENT.—RESUMED.  
85. The Young Homesteaders. Part III. Frank W. Calkins  
89. To a Miss of Thirteen: Poem. Doctor Roliafke  
90. Home Themes.  
91. Editorial Comment. 94. Midland Book Table

JOHNSON BRIGHAM  
PUBLISHER:

DES MOINES:  
IOWA:

\$1.50 A YEAR INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.  
15 CENTS A COPY.  
FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE KENYON PRESS.

Entered at the Des Moines post office as second-class matter.

THE LOUISVILLE CONVENTION OF FEDERATED CLUBS, WITH PORTRAITS OF LEADING WOMEN.

IN ALL THAT IS GOOD, IOWA AFFORDS THE BEST.

# ROYAL UNION MUTUAL

## Life Insurance Company,

DES MOINES, IOWA.

FRANK D. JACKSON, PRESIDENT. - SIDNEY A. FOSTER, SECRETARY.

Net Value of All Policies in This Company  
Deposited in Securities with the State of Iowa.

THE  
IOWA POLICY.  
NEW.

TRULY Non-Forfeitable. Free from all Technicalities. Simplicity  
Personified. Sound as Iowa Farm Mortgages, where Loans do not  
exceed one-half of the value of the Real Estate exclusive of  
Improvements.

The Policy-holder Master of His Own Money without Forfeitures or Excessive Surrender Charges.

AGENTS WANTED.

### ITS EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE.

The MIDLAND MONTHLY'S sole advertising representative east of the Mississippi river is Mr Frank E. Morrison (also representative of the Overland Monthly and the Atlantic Monthly). All inquiries addressed to Mr. Morrison will receive prompt attention. Offices, 500 Temple Court, New York; 112 Dearborn street, Boyce Block, Chicago.

**HOTELS** In New York city change hands frequently. Strange faces, new management and new methods seem to take away from them the comfortable, home-like atmosphere to which the traveler has become accustomed. Here and there, however, there are successful establishments which continue to hold their own under the same management.

## THE ST. DENIS.

is a hotel of this character, and under the direction of its old-time proprietor, William Taylor, continues one of the most pleasant and attractive hotels in the city. The new addition which was finished a few years ago has doubled its capacity. The beautiful COLONIAL DINING ROOM is an attractive feature of this part of the house.

It is located corner of BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH STREET, DIRECTLY OPPOSITE GRACE CHURCH, in the center of the city. The Broadway cable-cars pass the door, affording quick transit either up or down town. For FAMILIES as well as BUSINESS MEN it is most convenient. Accommodations are ample for a large number of guests, and the service prompt and unobtrusive. Connected with the hotel is the famous "TAYLOR'S RESTAURANT," one of the most popular resorts in the metropolis for luncheon and dinner parties. The menu is most elaborate, both in American and French cookery. In season and out of season there is nothing wanting to tempt or satisfy the most exacting epicure or accomplished *bon vivant*.

## Board and Tuition Free.

Any  
Young  
Man or  
Woman  
with  
Pluck can  
Earn a  
Scholar-  
ship  
Covering  
Board and  
Tuition  
for the  
Summer  
Session  
of the  
Drake  
School of  
Oratory.

**ELOCUTION AND**

**ORATORY**

**WITHOUT MONEY.**

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has decided to place this opportunity before the young men and women of the State and has perfected arrangements by which it can be done in any city or community in the State of Iowa. This magazine should be on the reading table of every home in the State, where any reading matter is found. It merits the support of all and has now acquired a position among magazines which makes it easy to place it in the reading home.

Only Thirty "Full Year" Subscribers

Will entitle the canvasser to this Free Scholarship.

### THE DRAKE SCHOOL OF ORATORY.

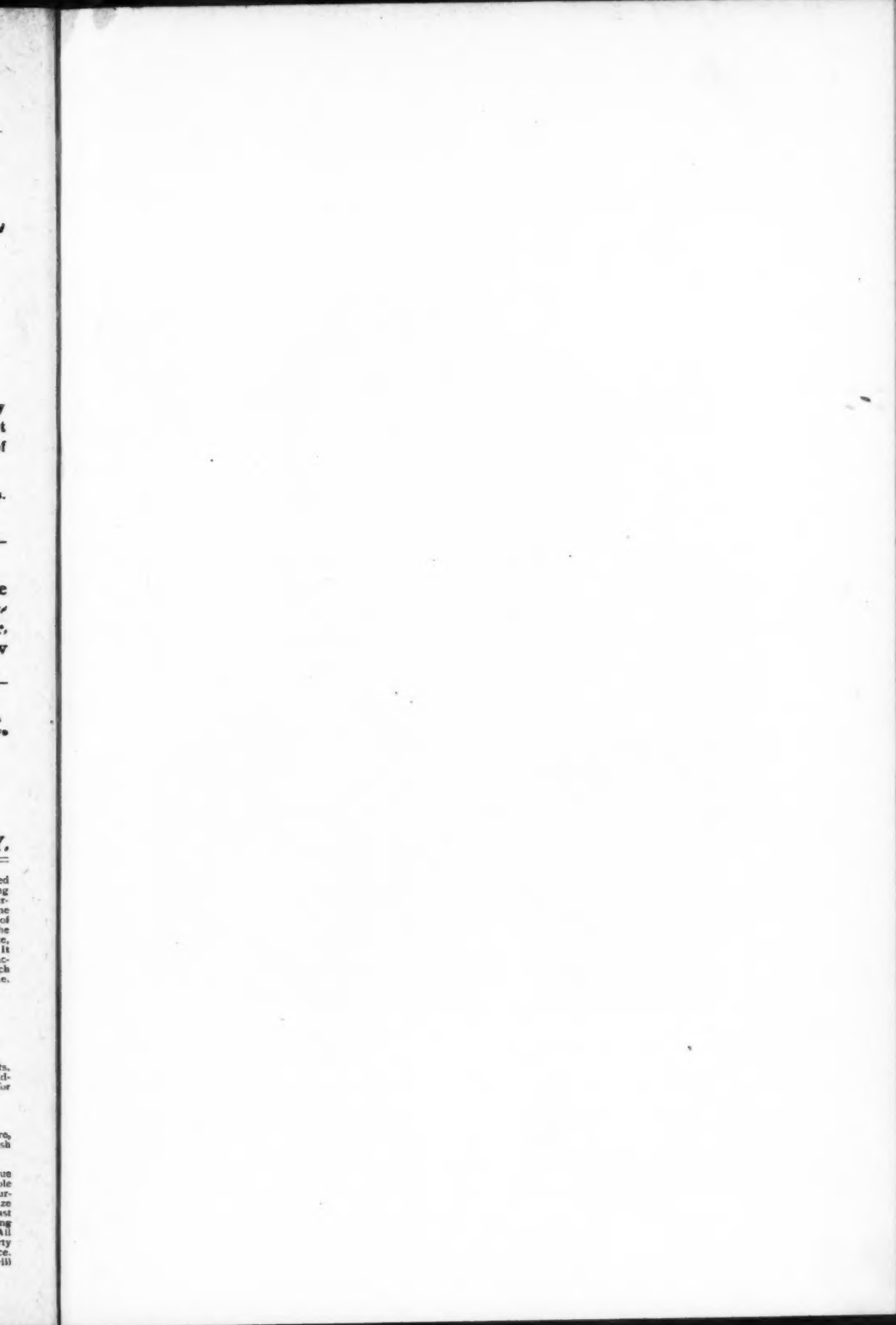
This school offers special advantages in all its departments. The annual summer sessions are held in the University building, Des Moines, Iowa, where ample provisions are made for all the classes.

The Special Subjects Taught Include:

Elocution, Oratory, Extemporaneous Speaking, Voice Culture, Physical Culture, Platform Practice, Conversation, English Literature, Rhetoric.

How to  
Proceed

(1) Write Prof. Ed. Amherst Ott for a catalogue of the Summer School of Oratory and for Sample copies of *The Midland* for canvassing purposes. (2) Study the magazine to familiarize yourself with its features. (3) Send your subscriptions as fast as you receive them to Publisher *Midland Monthly*, enclosing postal order or draft for the full subscription price, \$1.50. All subscriptions will be credited to your name and when thirty names have been received a scholarship will be sent at once. (4) Tell your friends what you are trying to do and they will help you.



y  
t  
f  
t.  
-  
c  
/  
e,  
v  
-  
.  
/  
=  
ed  
ng  
r-  
ne  
of  
ne  
e.  
It  
C-  
sh  
e.  
ts.  
di-  
ur  
re,  
sh  
un  
le  
ar-  
ze  
ast  
ng  
All  
ty  
ce.  
ll



**A REPRESENTATIVE CLUB WOMAN OF IDAHO.**

Mrs. Mary E. Parsons, Treasurer of Columbia Club, Boise City. See "Women's Clubs in Idaho," in this number.



# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME VI.

JULY, 1896.

NUMBER I.

## ON FOOT IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

### II.

By N. TJERNAGEL.

[Copyright, 1896, by the author.]

CAIRO with its environs is very interesting. Next to the Pyramids, the place which perhaps attracts the most attention is the Egyptian Museum. It is contained in the palace of the Viceroy, Ismail Pasha, at Gizeh. This place, which was vacated by the Viceroy some time ago and transformed into a museum, is beautifully situated among the trees and shrubbery in Museum Park. The park is laid out in European style. On entering its gate one meets with a red granite sphinx bearing the cartouche of Rameses II. It is from Tanis. On the right side of the walk leading to the entrance of the museum is a small pyramid from Karnak.

In front of the museum itself stands a sarcophagus containing the remains of M. Marietta Pasha, the founder of the museum. We paid one shilling for permission to visit the different collections.

The chief point of interest to all visitors is the hall of the royal mummies. Here lie the withered remains of some of the most powerful of the ancient Egyptian kings. There are also mummies of queens, princes, princesses and high priests. Some of the mummies are very well preserved,—so well that even the characteristic features are visible. They lie in open coffins, which are placed in glass cases. Many of them are entirely unrolled. Their bodies are slightly

draped in the so called mummy cloth, but the heads, hands and feet are invariably left uncovered. There are mummies in every state of preservation; some are entirely withered, while others, although of the same age, are almost entirely preserved. One young princess



LOAFING ARABS.

looks as if she were living, beautifully executed glass eyes having been inserted at the time of the embalming. The most interesting mummy is that of Rameses II. (Rameses the Great), B. C. 1333, son of Seti I., third king of the Nineteenth dynasty, the Pharaoh of oppression and the Sesostris of the Greek historians. The events of his reign are described on monuments and on papyrus which have been found. His face is quite well preserved. He has a beaked nose and receding forehead. Over the brow hangs a lock of gray hair. The left hand, quite shriveled, is raised a few inches above his breast; altogether a rather forbidding looking object. It was found in 1881. Seti I. (B. C. 1366),

Rameses' father, is better preserved and much better looking. He was a great conqueror and carried the frontier of Egypt far into Asia. He erected quite a number of great buildings. The ruins yet remaining show that they must have

been of great magnificence. His tomb is one of the finest of the tombs of Thebes. Tothmes III. (B. C. 1600) is also well preserved. He was considered by many the most famous of the Egyptian kings. By visiting the temple of Karnak and deciph-

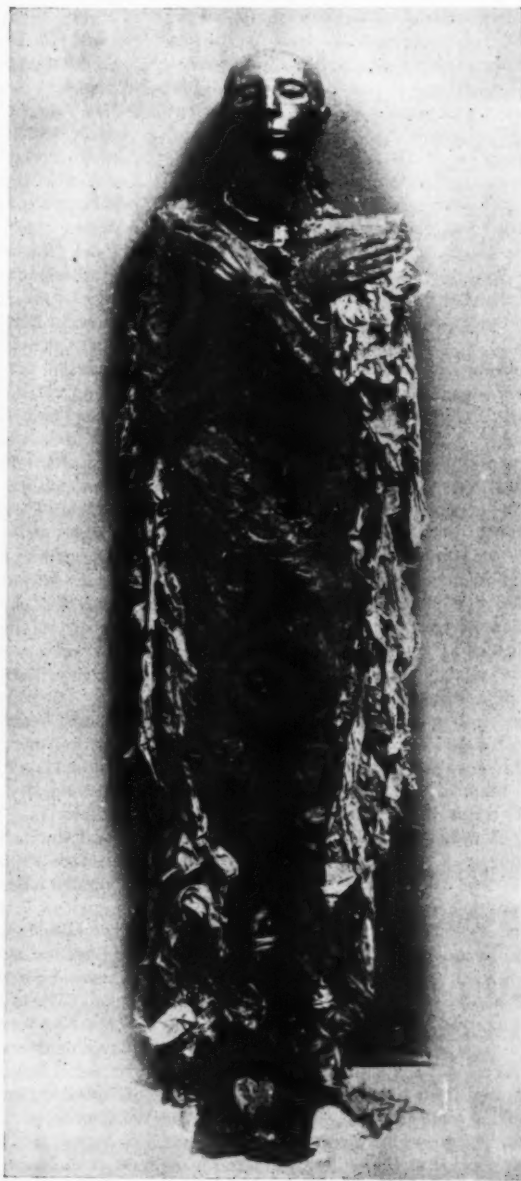


PROFILE OF RAMESES II. (THE GREAT.)  
The traditional Pharaoh of Bible History.

ering the writings on the temple walls there, one can learn the history of his great and glorious reign. Among others quite well preserved are the mummies of Amenophis I. (B. C. 1666); Aahmes, founder of the Eighteenth dynasty; Rameses III. (B. C. 1200), and Ramaka, wife of King Pinotem. At Ramaka's feet lies the mummy of her little child. In the depths of impenetrable pyramids these kings and queens were laid. What would be their thoughts if they knew their graves could now be entered by the meanest comer, and that their imperial bodies were placed on exhibition to be gazed upon by the curious throng!

The other rooms in the museum contain a large number of monuments and statues, stones with ancient writings and hieroglyphics. There are also a large number of animal mummies. Apparently as much care was taken in embalming dogs, goats, bulls and sheep, as was taken with persons. Some of the animals have masks on.

The greatest finds are attributed to Marietta Pasha, who worked mostly in the region of the Sakkarrah Pyramids. Around Sakkarrah and between the Gizeh Pyramids are numberless graves and tombs, the largest cemetery in the world. Near Sakkarrah is also the old site of Memphis. Standing



FULL LENGTH VIEW OF ALL THAT REMAINS OF SETI I.

one beautiful sunshiny day looking across the river from Helouan towards the site of this famous place, it was impossible for me to realize that there once stood so great and populous a city. All ancient writers admit that the magnificence and splendor of this city was without a parallel and baffled their powers of description. Now all traces of the dwellings and grand structures have vanished, and nothing but the mighty tombs of the dead remain.

An interesting place to visit is "El Azhar," the largest Mohammedan school in the world. It sometimes has upwards of 10,000 students. Leaving the Egyptian museum, I hired a donkey—"a long-eared cab"—and started out on a gallop towards it. My donkey boy followed on a run behind. A donkey is difficult to steer. This one did not mind anything but the whip, and that was plied pretty vigorously before he noticed it. All of a sudden he struck out of his own accord and away we went into the crowd. I then had an experience about like the following, "You dodge your head under a camel load of planks; your leg brushes the wheel of a dust cart; you strike a fat Turk plump in the back; you miraculously escape upsetting a fruit-stand; you scatter a crowd of spectral, white-masked women, and at last reach some more quiet street, with the sensation of a man who has stormed a battery." I had engaged my donkey for a certain price, but upon our arrival at "El Azhar" my friend behind wanted more pay. When I refused, he raised a terrible racket, and we were soon surrounded by a crowd of fifty or sixty yelling Arabs. Students came streaming out of the mosque to see what was up. They all sympathized with the donkey boy. When he struck at me with his whip and the crowd around began investigating as to the whereabouts of my pockets, things began to look serious. I finally freed myself from this unpleasant situation by giving one of them a coin and asking him to take me to the director of the mosque, where passes for visiting the interior are obtained. Seeing money he at once became my staunch friend, and commanded

in a voice of thunder that the crowd disperse. His words had effect, for I was allowed shortly after to depart in peace in company with my "sincere" friend.

"El Azhar" was a mosque up to the time of Khalif el Aziz (A. D. 975), who converted it into a university. The teachers sit cross-legged on mats, and the pupils in circles around them in the same fashion. The teacher reads and explains and the pupils repeat. They are obliged to commit to memory the Koran and various works of the Shafeites, Malekites, Hanafites and Hanbalites, and the tradition of Sonna. A common school education is also given, and by advanced pupils law is studied. The instruction is gratuitous.

There are about three hundred mosques in Cairo. Strangers are as a rule allowed to visit them; in some instances, however, it is necessary to obtain special permission. On entering a mosque the visitor must remove his shoes and put on slippers which are kept for that purpose. If one attempts to enter without slippers, he is summarily expelled. The most important mosques in Cairo are Mohammed Ali, situated within the precincts of the Citadel, Tulun, Kait Bey, Seyyidah Zenab, Kusun and Mauiyad. The Mosque of Mohammed Ali is the most beautifully situated. The great court in front is paved with alabaster and around it is a fine row of columns. In the center is a basin for ablutions ordered before prayers. The building is surmounted by a dome borne by four vast pillars. In one of the corners reposes Mohammed Ali. Some Mohammedans were saying their prayers while we were there. From their expressions and general demeanor I came to the conclusion that they felt they were transacting some very unimportant business. They faced the Quibla or niche in the back part of the mosque during their devotional exercises. This must always be faced during prayer, they say, otherwise Mohammed cannot hear what they ask him for. This niche is found in all mosques, and it invariably turns toward Mecca, where Mohammed lies buried.

From the parapet of the tower is a magnificent view of Cairo. Here I saw

the place where Mohammed Ali massacred the Mameluke Beys. Joseph's Well behind the mosque is unusually wide and deep. It is about forty feet square and the bottom is thought to be on a level with the Nile. Stairs descend to the bottom. It is not in use at present. It is not named after the Joseph of the scriptures, as many imagine, but after Soladin Jusuf.

As I left Joseph's Well, and started towards the "Tombs of the Khalifs" I was followed by a vulgar-looking Arab boy, who repeatedly proffered his services as guide. While we were looking down the well he held a light for our benefit, and henceforth he considered himself engaged. The company I had while there soon departed and I was thus left all alone with my unwelcome companion in going out to the Tombs. I tried to make him quit following me and to return, but he would not. Finally he said he would leave me if I would give him half a franc. Upon my refusing to give him anything, he threatened to kill me. He felt safe in saying what he pleased, as we were in the most desolate place between the city and the Tombs; not a person nor carriage was to be seen. He worked himself up into a rage, saying he had held the light for me, thus wasting much precious time; and now to be thus shamefully treated by me in return,—it was mean, infamous, etc., etc. I still persisted in refusing him but, seeing he had a certain hold on me and that he was becoming dangerous, I concluded to engage him for a short trip after having visited the Tombs. Hearing me "speak like dat," he cooled off at once, and became my "life-long" friend. Before I could prevent it, he sealed our friendship by a kiss. Many Arabs are false and cowardly. They have not a shadow of principle. My companion admitted he was "awful bad," but all he had to do to get "clean" was to wash himself in the Basin for Ablutions every time he had done anything very wrong, then Allah was appeased. Poor, deluded wretch! When will the true Word find entrance into the hearts of these people, and save them from their godless ways!

Along the foot of the low range of mountains, skirting the city on the south and east, is a vast burying ground. Here are the tombs of the Khalifs. The principal ones are the tombs of Khedive Mohammed Tewfik Pasha I., the tomb of Kait Bey, of El Ashrah, of Sultan Barkuk, the tombs of the Mamelukes, the tomb of Imam Esh Shafih and the burial mosque of the reigning family. Over the tomb of Khedive Pasha I., who died at Helouan January 8, 1892, is laid a green covering, with passages from the Koran inscribed on it in large letters. Around the tomb is laid the foundation for a magnificent mosque which is to be built. The Khedive's faithful subjects have for the last year or two made pilgrimages in great numbers to these tombs. Many of the old tombs present a beautiful appearance. Some of the minarets and domes, as also the interior of the tombs, are often elaborately and tastefully finished. The place is very sandy and unpleasant, with not a sign of vegetation to be seen anywhere. Beggars, on the contrary, are very numerous.

Of all the modern streets in Cairo none is so interesting as the "Mousky." The streams of people in this street and the traffic in general were so great that it was with difficulty we elbowed our way through. By visiting this street, one will soon learn that the reality does not destroy the ideal Cairo of the Orient. Here one can study Arab life to perfection. The rich or well-to-do Arab, picturesquely clad, rides on his well-kept, highly decorated donkey. His dress often consists of a long yellow silk robe and a cloth mantle which hang loosely. He rides without stirrups and swings his feet, which are encased in white stockings and long, painted, red slippers, that match the red of his turban. The poorer brother has no flying robes; his donkey has no bright colored tassels and altogether they present a very sorry looking spectacle, these two. A sad and almost sickening sight is an Arab of the last mentioned class, hauling along a half-dozen wives and a nest of dirty, yelling youngsters.

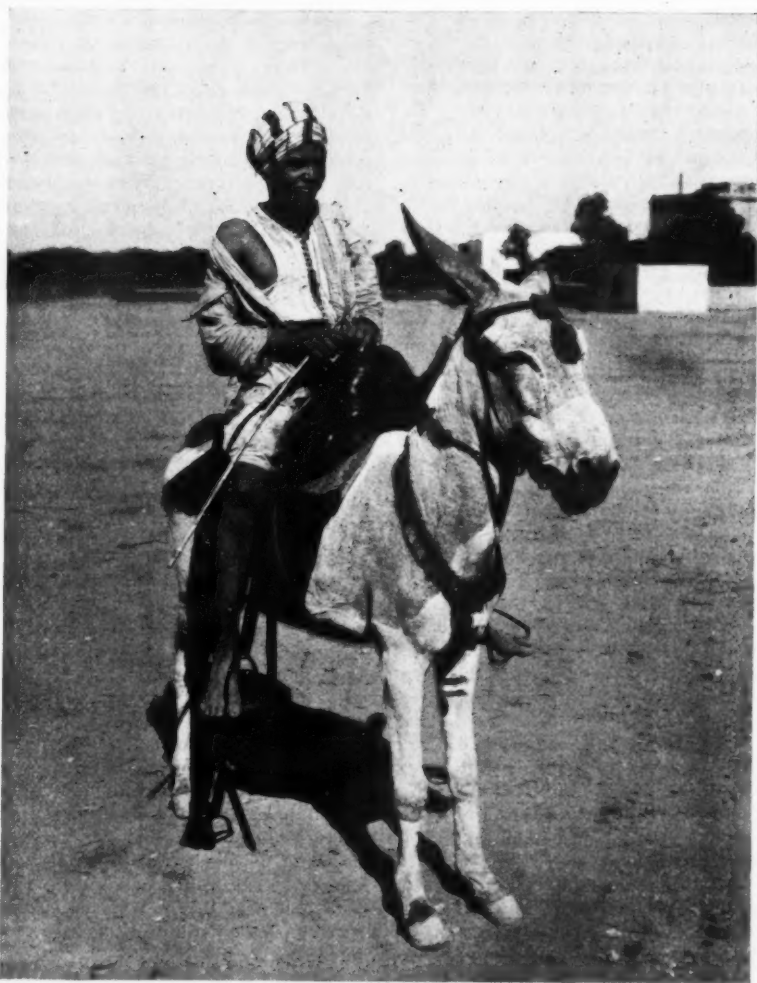
Standing in the "Mousky," intent on the surging mass around, the ears filled with a great variety of noises, all of a sudden one hears above it all the cry, "Yamenek Shemalek!" On looking around we see, to the right and to the left, the crowd separate, and there appear two gorgeously dressed outrunners, with gold-embroidered jackets, red turbans with long,

dark blue silk tassels, large white gathered skirts fastened in at the knees, full white sleeves thrown over their shoulders and bright colored sashes around their waists, each with long sticks of light wood in the hand and, immediately behind them, a pair of beautiful Arabian horses drawing a closed carriage. Those who happen to stand close by will often see in it two or



MOHAMMED ALI MOSQUE, CAIRO, EGYPT.





AN ARAB BOY.

more persons, ladies, belonging to the upper class, reclining on satin cushions. Of course they are always veiled, as their religion prescribes — these Mohammedan women — and after they have passed by, one is left to wonder as to the face set with such wonderfully beautiful brown eyes. The women here, even those of

the lower classes, are erect in form and have a noble bearing. Nearly all dress in long black flowing robes reaching to the ground. The head is almost completely enveloped, the veil covering the face except the eyes and part of the forehead. The feet are encased in high-heeled embroidered slippers or thin leather ones.



Stockings are seldom or never worn by the common people. Many of the women are tattooed. They also tint their finger nails and blacken their eyebrows with "Kehil." To make the picture of the "Mousky" complete we must not forget the camel, as he comes walking slowly and majestically along, turning neither to the right nor to the left, carrying on his back a huge load of merchandise or a whole family of Arabs. I saw weddings and funerals but only as the procession passed by on the street. The main characteristic of it all was noise. At the funeral there was a doleful crying and wringing of hands, and in the wedding procession there was a native band blowing whistles and beating drums, making a most noisy and monotonous music.

It is easy to get married here. The marriage ceremony consists simply in the bride going to the home of the man who is to be her husband, and when unveiled in his presence, and seen by him for the first time, it is considered finished.

In the Ismailiyeh quarter most of the Europeans reside. Here the palace of the Khedive, the residences of the Egyptian nobility and the foreign ambassadors are situated.

Cairo has a population of 400,000. There are about twenty thousand Europeans. The rest are natives mixed in with a few Turks, Tartars and Soudanese. No city of the world presents a more varied population than Cairo.

The climate during the winter season is remarkably pleasant. The heavens are clear for several months. This is the tourist season. It is just warm enough and just cold enough to be pleasant.

I had a very pleasant visit with Rev. Mr. Harvey, of the "American Presbyterian Mission," at Cairo. I was shown through the schools and was surprised at the fine, intelligent countenances to be seen among the children. The Presbyterian Church is doing a great work here. Its labors are being crowned with success, as every year there is an increase of native workers and scholars to be reported.

Between Cairo and Ismailia we crossed the country of the Goshen of the Israelites. (Ticket from Cairo *via* Ismailia to Port Said costs seventeen francs.) It is quite flat and very fertile. Oranges were plentiful; we bought a dozen for five cents. The people live in mud huts as a rule, and are naturally very dirty and also very scantily clad. At all stops the train was beset by crowds of children and women, who clamored for "backsheesh" and offered dirty raisins and dates for sale. At one place a tall, burly-looking fellow entered, struggling under the weight of a large basket filled to the brim with small baked spring chickens. They went like hot cakes among the native passengers. It was amusing to watch the orange peddlers as they stood watching the approaching trains, nimbly jumping aboard and crying "Portugal," "Portugal," and "Orringes," "Orringes," while the train was yet running at a high rate of speed. They often stayed on till the train was nearly in full motion, waiting for customers when, just in the nick of time, sticking the last piaster in the mouth, they were off the car like a flash, and landed exactly on their feet with the basket of oranges balancing gracefully on the left hand.

Ismailia has a population of 25,000. Here we changed cars and again set out, this time in a more northerly direction, bound for Port Said. The train went slowly, probably because the track is built on sand. There is nothing but desert all the way. The railroad is laid parallel with and near the Suez Canal, which serves to make a trip over this road very interesting.

Late in the evening of the same day, as the big, red-faced moon gradually rose, lighting up the yellow desert waste, we arrived at Port Said. My satchel was seized by numerous disinterested hands, but a German friend of the Hotel des Voyageurs came to my rescue and conducted me safely to the hotel. Here I paid a pretty good price for a pretty poor room, and I discovered next morning that I had not only paid for myself but

for a whole party. Fleas abound here, as everywhere else in the Orient, and I had my full share of them that night. Port Said has some 25,000 inhabitants, and is bounded by sea and desert. How a city can thrive in such a place is difficult for travelers to understand, but if they happen to stay there a few days, they will solve the mystery. Perhaps a larger number of vessels stop at this place than at any other port of equal size in the world. They must all do some business here and, if nothing else causes them to stop, they stop to pay for the right of passing through. Port Said is also the stopping place for several local steamship lines, it being a connecting point between Syria, Palestine and Egypt. During the winter and spring a great stream of tourists passes through here between Palestine and Cairo. The general tone of the place is not good. The natives are dirty and disagreeable and the resident Europeans are not the most select.

It was interesting to watch the milk-sellers in Port Said. They didn't bother with milk wagons, but simply led the cows or goats around from house to house, delivering the milk taken from the cow on the spot, in quantities large or small according to the wants of the purchaser.

On a side street near the Arabian bazars and stores I found the quarters of the British Bible Society. All the ships that pass through the canal are visited and a great number of bibles are sold and distributed among the sailors. On inquiring if free bibles were distributed among the Arabs, I was told that this was no longer done, as nine-tenths of those received this way were never read. I heard of an instance where an English lady had bought five hundred bibles here and distributed them broadcast among the natives. Instead of reading them the recipients brought them back to the society quarters and tried to sell them. They would say, "Gimme penny for it. Me not like dis book at all." Personal work with each individual is what is needed in order to bring about the best results.

We left Port Said on a Saturday evening, with the most beautiful weather and a delightfully calm sea. Ticket to Jaffa cost seven francs. The most of the passengers made themselves comfortable on deck. The stars shone beautifully, and altogether it was a night to be remembered. The Arabs crowded together on mats and smoked cigarettes, prayed and quarreled. The smallest thing will excite the curiosity of these people. One young fellow to whom I had given a tract begged for an armful. He kissed my hand and got down on his knees before me. He wanted them to sell, the rascal!

There were several passengers for Jerusalem, and all hoped that the morrow would see us safe at our destination. We were doomed to disappointment. During the night the sea became rough, and the next morning as we neared Jaffa the waves were mountain high. As there is no harbor in Jaffa, it was impossible for us to land, and we had to go on to Beirut, which was the next stopping place and seventy miles distant. A great number of us were of course desperately seasick. During the night the captain said our ship was in danger. As many as were able to talk, cursed the Turkish government for not building a harbor at Jaffa.

This city has probably the poorest landing place of any city in the world. The hidden rocks near the shore make it unsafe to land, even in comparatively calm weather. We stayed three days at Beirut waiting for the next ship to Jaffa. It was the rainy season of the year. The heaviest rain ever seen at Beirut fell while we were there. The streams running through the streets washed out large embankments.

Beirut is a beautiful place, but owing to the inclement weather I did not get around much and consequently did not enjoy my stay there. An interesting place to visit in Beirut is the Presbyterian American College. I was shown over the institution by Mr. Havens, one of the teachers. A college course equal to that given at some of our best American col-

leges can here be obtained. The students are mostly all Syrians, but there are also several from Egypt and other countries. The college buildings are situated in the most beautiful part of Beirut. A splendid view of the city and the Lebanon Mountains is obtained from the college tower; the Isle of Cypress can also be seen in clear weather. I also visited a German school for girls. There are several orphan children who receive gratuitous instruction and board here, but most of the people pay. Many of the children and young misses were beautiful and intelligent looking. It was a fine array of faces as they crowded around to see the Christmas-tree arranged. These schools are supported by religious societies and are doing a blessed work among the people. The English, French and Italian schools are also very important. Several thousand native children receive instruction at the various schools. The climate of Beirut, except during the rainy season, is very pleasant. The number of inhabitants is over one hundred thousand; of these 33,000 are Muslims, 30,000 Greek Orthodox, 28,000 Maronites, 9,000 United Greeks, 1,500 Jews, 1,500 Latins, 900 Protestants, 600 Syrian Catholic, 400 Armenian Catholic, and 300 Druses. The city has six hospitals, twenty-three mosques, thirty-six Christian churches, sixty-six boys' and thirty-six girls' schools.

We left Beirut on an Austrian Lloyd steamer the evening of the third day after our arrival. The sea was very high, and the prospect for landing at Jaffa was poor. We had anticipated the worst, for on nearing Jaffa the sea grew wilder than ever, and there was nothing for us to do but to steam on to Port Said. Some of us arrived there more dead than alive, but a good night's rest soon set us straight again. We had ample time to thoroughly explore Port Said, but found it dull and uninteresting. Although the Port is in Egypt, very little Egyptian money is used here. French, Italian, English, Grecian, Turkish and other moneys circulate considerably. On account of this mixture in money matters it is very difficult for a

stranger to get through without being cheated. Besides the endless variety of coins one has to learn the value of, and keep in mind while transacting business, one must also be on his guard against spurious money. Any amount of bogus money is palmed off on unsuspecting travelers.

Again we left Port Said, and with the same kind of weather and the same prospects as just one week before. The next morning when we anchored before Jaffa the sea was calm; the Mediterranean can subside as quickly as it can rise. We had no sooner anchored than a horde of greedy boatmen charged upon us. It is difficult to describe the scene of noise and confusion as these swarthy boatmen of Jaffa came rushing from their boats *en masse* and pounced like beasts of prey upon the passengers and their luggage. They pulled and pushed the luggage and passengers over into their boats as if they were handling so much freight. The Russian pilgrims were caught by the hands and dropped from the side of the ship into the hands of the boatmen below. They fell from five to ten feet as the ship lurched from side to side. The women cried out piteously as they came tumbling one after the other into the boat. In good weather they charge one franc to take passengers on shore, while in bad weather they charge from ten to twenty francs.

The great number of pilgrims passing through on their way to Jerusalem, has made Jaffa quite important. It has 23,000 people; 12,000 are Mohammedans, 6,000 Christians and 5,000 Jews. There is not much to interest the traveler in Jaffa. It is said that Simon, the Tanner (Acts ix: 43), occupied the site of the present Latin Hospice. In an Armenian monastery a room is shown where, it is said, Napoleon caused plague patients to be put to death by poison. Napoleon has left his footprints everywhere in this portion of the world.

The streets of Jaffa are narrow and dusty, and, after a rainfall, very muddy. The German colony near the railway sta-

tion presents a very agreeable appearance, producing a marked contrast to the huts of the Egyptian colony near by. Near Jaffa are beautiful orange groves, where the very best oranges in the world can be had almost for the asking.

In the afternoon of the day of our arrival we hunted our way through numberless crooked streets to the railway station. "Ticket to Jerusalem!" I had bought tickets to many of the most famous cities of the world without experiencing any peculiar sensations, but when I said "Ticket to Jerusalem," a thrill went through me. I was in a state of exaltation for awhile, when, as I looked around, I noted Mohammedans and Jews also bound for Jerusalem. They had evidently traveled far, and they too were filled with delight at the prospect of soon beholding the Holy City. They called it *their* city.

It would perhaps have been more interesting to have gone in the old way, namely, with camels and donkeys, but having been delayed so long on the ship, we took the train, as that would bring us to the city considerably sooner. The ticket cost five francs. Just before the train started I was approached by the ticket seller, who, on seeing I was an American, said:

"I like Americans; they are nice peoples, but some of you are very funny, we think. Just now there is a lady from Illinois here going around among the peoples selling tracts and telling that the world will come to an end in February."

He was a Turk and quite intelligent. When he talked about his people, however, he shook his head and said they were dull and stupid and had "very little knowledge." According to a contract between the French railroad company and the Turkish government, the station master should be a Turk, but none having enough brains to run the place could be found, so a Frenchman had to be employed.

We passed many extensive orange groves on our way and then crossed the

plain of the Sharon. The country here is fertile, the rich, well cultivated fields alternating with green meadows. Towards the east as the train sped along under a beautiful clear sky the bluish mountains of Judea came into view. We passed several ancient villages, among which were Lydda and Ramleh. Lydda has quite a history. It is of interest to Bible readers on account of its being the place where Peter healed the paralytic man. This place is revered by the Mohammedans as, according to tradition, Mohammed declared that at the last day Christ would slay anti-Christ at the gates of Lydda.

Ramleh is a much larger place. There is a tradition that Ramleh occupies the site of the Arimathea of the New Testament. Christians lived at this place a long time before the Crusaders. Napoleon once had his headquarters here. There are 8,000 people, but now only 1,000 of these are Christians. In the city are ruins of a mosque that was six hundred paces in circumference.

After leaving Ramleh we came to the ruins of Gezer (Judges i: 29, and I. Kings ix: 16). We saw the ancient Ekron in the distance. Nearly all traces of the old city have disappeared. We then passed Sejed and Der Aban and came to Bittir. This place is by many believed to have been the Bethar mentioned by Joshua. The Talmud states that the "blood of the Jews that were slain here flowed down thence to the sea" (insurrection of Bar Cochba). We passed by a place which tradition points out as the birthplace of Samson. There was nothing but stones to be seen. People of Jerusalem often make excursions to Bittir. We passed several places such as Wady el Werd, a valley of roses, and El Weledjeh. The villages of Ain Yalo and Esh Sherafat and El Maliha came next. These small villages all looked very much alike. The small one-story houses stand huddled close together and look at a distance like a flock of sheep. Next came Bet Sufafa and the monastery of Mar Elyas. The scenery consists of little but barren rocks

and mountains all the way. The soil is tilled in terraces on the mountain sides. Farming is carried on only on a very small scale in these parts of the mountains of Judea. After Bet Sufafa, the line goes through the Bekaa Plateau, believed by some to be the ancient Valley of Rephaim. It crosses this plateau diagonally in a straight line till it reaches Jerusalem. While we were yet afar from the city, the passengers began sticking their heads

through the car windows all intent on getting a glimpse of the place as soon as possible. There was no talking, and when finally the outskirts of the world-famous city came into view the quiet that prevailed gave token that all were deeply impressed. In this impressive silence, the words of the familiar hymn came to me with new force :

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God!"

## OUR COUNTRY.

AMERICA! To thee we raise  
Our voice, with heartfelt song of praise;  
One faith, a Christian heart to fill,  
One flag, to float o'er vale and hill,  
One language taught from shore to shore,  
One law controlling rich and poor!  
No North or South, no East or West,—  
In one grand Union we are blest.

With wood-crowned heights and verdant plain,  
With wealth of blossom, fruit and grain,  
With rivers, lakes and murmuring rills,  
And cattle on a thousand hills;  
With mines of wealth, exhaustless soil,  
Which give reward for honest toil;  
What better gift can we desire  
To keep a patriot heart afire!

Thy lands are open to the world,  
Thy flag for freedom is unfurled  
To those who wish in peace to come,  
For life, for liberty or home;  
With church and school-house side by side,  
Thy people's glory, hope and pride,  
With gladsome heart our voice we raise  
To thee, our home, in songs of praise.

*Wm. Cundill.*



## VICKSBURG THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE SURRENDER.

By H. B. PIERCE.

[With Views Taken by the Author.]

THE two hundred mile ride from Memphis to Vicksburg takes you through a region which in scenery is wholly unlike our Northern country. The Yazoo Delta consists of about seven thousand square miles, bounded on the east by the Yazoo River, under various names, and on the west by the Mississippi. It varies in width from twenty-five to seventy-five miles, a dense forest originally of cypress and hard-wood timber. Perhaps one-eighth of this area has been cleared, and the peculiar "buck-shot" soil rivals the valley of the Nile in fertility. This is not strange, for it contains the washings from a dozen states to the northward, and this accumulation has been enriched by the undisturbed deposit of vegetable matter. We found many of the water-courses, with but slight fall at best, still clogged and dammed by fallen trees, a large portion of the tract consequently remaining a vast wilderness of lakes and bayous. Not a hill in all the delta except Indian mounds, and not a stone to be found, unless brought there by men! At nearly every station a sawmill was noisily turning out quarter-sawed oak or cypress plank. The land has been cleared for five or six miles each way from the railroad, and wonderful crops of corn and cotton are produced with almost absolute certainty.

A singular circumstance to a Northern man is the willingness of the negro to pay from four to eight dollars per acre cash rent for these cleared lands, when six miles back he can buy just as good land uncleared for eight dollars per acre. The disposition of the laborer furnishes the solution.

All day we have been rolling southward, through fine plantations and virgin forest, over streams that run either way

or no way at all; passing village after village with only cotton, lumber and negroes in sight. The snow begins to fall, and the fields of brown cotton-stalks are made to blossom afresh. How many times we cross Deer Creek I know not, for here many a township is an island, a river on every side; yet several of these streams, though narrow, are deep, and the cotton raised along their courses is taken out by small steamers that penetrate far into the interior. Federal gunboats paddled and bumped over a large share of this great delta in 1863.

We cross Yazoo Pass, an old water-course where, in February of that year, after the troops had cut the Mississippi levee, ten Union gunboats were slowly forced through the trees and brush to the Coldwater River, whence they steamed into the Tallahatchie. All went well until they ran up against Fort Pemberton, from which point they took the back track.

Our brakeman sings out, "Rolling Fork," recalling the expedition under Admiral Porter himself, up Steele's Bayou, in the effort to reach the Yazoo River above the Confederate forts, by way of Deer Creek, Rolling Fork and Sunflower River. Porter was stopped at a point about two or three miles from where our train now stands, and compelled to return empty-handed.

As twilight comes on, we cross the Yazoo River, upon a steel bridge, within two miles of the famous Haines' Bluff. The river was in those days well stocked with torpedoes, and the "Cairo" was sunk by them not far from this spot. One morning in July, '62, the Rebel ram Arkansas, completed at Yazoo City, steamed down past this very spot, and a few miles away met three Union boats coming up the river. One was disabled in the fight





BEND OF THE RIVER, NOW CALLED  
CENTENNIAL LAKE.

which ensued and the others hastened back into the Mississippi. Captain Brown ran the Arkansas single-handed through the midst of the whole Federal fleet, and took refuge under the guns of Vicksburg below.

Turning to the southwest, our track skirts along Chickasaw Bayou, over ground once deluged with the blood of Sherman's soldiers. As night shuts down we enter Vicksburg. We climb the steep hill above the depot and are soon snugly housed at The Carroll.

Next morning a light snow covers the ground, and the negroes huddle in the sunny places, looking as though they would like to emigrate. Mr. Thomas E. Lewis kindly offers to help us find points of interest around the city. Born in Vicksburg, fourteen years before the siege, he was a messenger boy at the headquarters of General McPherson after the surrender and had a personal experience with every feature of the siege. While piloting us around, he experienced considerable difficulty in locating some places with which he had been familiar, from the constant changes made by the elements. Soon after our visit Mr. Lewis started a petition, asking the National Government to mark by suitable monuments the principal points of interest along the lines, and went himself over

the lines, planting cedar posts at several points to temporarily fix their location. His petition was largely signed, especially at the Farmers' Institute held in Vicksburg in February. Captain Merry, Colonel Thompson and other Northern veterans had been thinking of a National Park at Vicksburg, and now began to agitate the purchase of the ground and the formation of a National Park around Vicksburg on a plan similar to that at Chickamauga. An association has now been formed with officers representing both the Blue and the Gray; and Congress has since passed the necessary bill, making the park an assured fact.

You must remember that the Father of Waters in 1875 gave Vicksburg the cut direct,—plowed out a new channel across the bend below the city,—since which event the wharves of Vicksburg have been bereft of boats,—which are compelled to unload nearly two miles away. That part of the old channel still filled with water is called Lake Centennial, while De Soto Point opposite the city is now De Soto Island. Walking out across the dry stretch of sand along the river front, where once the grand old stream rolled in all its majesty, I thought of the history concealed by those sands; of the wrecks of Federal and Confederate gunboats buried there; of the brave men



DRY RIVER BED IN FRONT OF VICKSBURG,  
LOOKING SOUTHWEST.



whose bones found their final resting place here. Those cliffs of clay once bristled with hostile cannon, and here, where I stand, some steamer, like the Cincinnati, perforated with shot and shell, may have gone to the bottom. And along this very course floated the innocent "dummy," prepared by Admiral Porter, that caused the Confederates so much alarm and the waste of so much valuable ammunition.

North of the city nearly two miles, occupying the end of a ridge that once was studded with guns, is the National Cemetery. In place of the old road winding around the hills for some four miles, it is now reached by a fine drive along the old river-front, where the National Government has constructed a magnificent avenue. Jogging along northward, my friend directs our colored driver to stop at the foot of "Whistling Dick" hill, where a climb of perhaps a hundred and fifty feet brings us to the summit overlooking city and river.

Here was planted a Confederate battery, containing the famous gun of such musical ability as to gain a reputation as "Whistling Dick." The very pit in which the gun stood is pointed out, from which, at the surrender, to prevent its falling into Federal hands, the gun was rolled down the steep descent to find a grave beneath the waters of the river. Standing on this eminence it is easy to



VIEW IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT VICKSBURG.

see the importance of such a position, for these guns commanded the entire bend of the river. While we are considering the fierce contests that took place between battery and battle-ship along this front, yonder to the northwest, perhaps two miles away, is a sudden puff of smoke and a dull "boom." For the instant the whizzing shot is expected, so real has the scene become. But it is only the peaceful work of the government's contractors, blasting out the stumps along the route of a canal which is to bring the Yazoo River across to the head of this bend, in the hope that it will keep open a channel past the city.

Passing under the white arch that surmounts the entrance to the cemetery, we read inscribed thereon, "Here rest in peace 16,600 citizens who died for their country in the years 1861 to 1865." Of these, the graves of 12,719 are marked "Unknown." Any Union soldier may be buried here, and additions are made every year.

A more appropriate and beautiful spot for the city of the dead could not have been selected. "Indian Mound," the highest point, is reached by both footpath and driveway upon terraces extending back and forth in inclined planes along the front of the ridge; all well graveled, the steep banks green with closely shaven



ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, AT VICKSBURG.

Bermuda grass, and all closely guarded by long rows of neatly trimmed cedars, with "Spanish Daggers" and other ornamental plants at every corner. Upon the summit stands the marble monument originally placed upon the spot where Pemberton met Grant to arrange for the surrender of the city and army. Relic hunters so defaced its shaft that it was removed to this secluded spot and a great cannon planted in its stead.

Our next view of Vicksburg is from the balcony upon the roof of the court-house. This building was erected just before the war. It is of brick, cemented to resemble stone, and though the most conspicuous object in the city, was but little damaged during the bombardment. What a tale could these old walls tell of antebellum prosperity, of the horrors of the seven weeks' siege, of the incoming victors, the hauling down of the stars and bars upon its dome and the replacing of the old stars and stripes, and of the later rebellion against negro rule! In the court-room hang the portraits of six of Vicksburg's sons, some of them of national fame. These are Cowan, Young, Guion, Prentiss, Yerger and Brooke.

Now we are off for the lines of earth-works. The Jackson Road, running northeast, soon brings us to a ridge crowned by the remains of a Confederate bastion and a short climb places us upon its summit. This fort, as well as most of

the Confederate works, is very well preserved, while the more temporary lines of the Federals are almost obliterated.

To the eastward yonder, near the foot of a long slope, stands the grim cannon pointing skyward marking a spot made memorable by the meeting of Grant and Pemberton. The trees under which they stood were quickly whittled up into souvenirs by the soldiers. A short walk across the ridge to the north and we are looking down into the famous "crater" where so many of Logan's brave men perished at the time of the first attempt to blow up Fort Hill, June 25th, and where six days later a ton of powder blew the entire redan into the sky.

To the east still stands the Shirley or "White" house, just as it stood during those days, and along the intervening ridge can be found faint traces of the saps by which the men of Leggett's brigade reached this important fort, held by the Louisiana "Tigers," enabling the miners from the Federal army to tunnel under the fort, place their explosives in position and fire the charge. But the scene is now changed. Cattle are grazing along the hillsides and a half-dozen pickaninnies are playing about an adjacent cabin door.

Next morning we are off for the lines to the southeast. Meantime the twelve-pound shell sticking in the brick of the Methodist Church has been examined; the bullet holes in the clapboards on Mr. Lewis' house and the remains of a wartime cave across the street have all been introduced in evidence. "Sky Parlor Hill," a signal station for the Confederates during the siege, has been lowered some eighty feet and the new post-office now marks the spot. But we have reached the Jewish cemetery, located upon a ridge occupied by the Second Texas during the siege. Across the road to the north is one of the places where the Blue and the Gray played battledore and shuttlecock with hand grenades.

Tramping southward we cross the Jackson Railroad, climb a steep hill and stand upon a well-preserved Confederate fort.



CANNON MARKING THE MEETING PLACE OF GRANT AND PEMBERTON.

This was commanded by General Stephen D. Lee during the siege, and when on the 22d of May the Twenty-first and Twenty-second Iowa charged up the slope, he had his hands full to overflowing.

Forming behind a little rise of ground in the ravine some fifty rods to the east, these two regiments, the flower of Iowa soldiery, advanced to the charge. Yonder, next the railroad, up that steep bank climbed the Twenty-first, led by Colonel Dunlap; and here, just outside this ditch, the brave colonel met death. From the ditch his men undertook by climbing upon comrades' shoulders to mount the parapet, here some fifteen feet high, but only scaling ladders could have enabled them to succeed. The Twenty-second approached the central angle of the redoubt, where a gun had been silenced by the Federal artillery, and for a moment their flag was planted upon the crest of the Confederate battlement, only to be swept down with its brave supporters by a tempest of bullets. The charge had failed, and, when darkness fell, the broken fragments of the attacking regiments made their way as best they could back to their lines. To Colonel Dunlap's regiment belonged Captain J. F. Merry, of the Illinois Central Railroad, and Colonel J. K. P. Thompson, ex-Department Commander of Iowa G. A. R., both zealous promoters of the Vicksburg National Park. I try to realize something of the awful picture, but the sun shines so softly upon the green banks that were once slippery with human blood; the grass down the slope, springing from ground enriched by the life



RAVINE FROM WHICH THE TWENTY-FIRST AND TWENTY-SECOND IOWA REGIMENTS CHARGED.

current of our dead heroes, so peacefully bends to the gentle breeze, that the life and death struggle which here took place for the possession of this hilltop seems but a dream, a myth of the olden time.

Yet I know that the whole sad story is true; and, standing here to-day upon this soil made sacred by the best blood of my brothers North and South, I can but uncover my head and thank Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations that the day of fratricide has passed, that our beloved Union has emerged from her awful baptism of fire, stronger than she otherwise could have been, and that to-day the patriotic people of this historic city join hands with their brothers of the North in furthering the interests of a common country.

## IN STILL JULY.

HOW blue the skies;  
How quiet lies  
The cornfield over there;  
How motionless the wood—  
No wind, nor ill nor good,  
Stirs the dead air,  
In still July!

How green the land;  
How quiet stand  
The gentle kine,  
Beneath the still-leaved trees,  
To catch perchance a breeze,  
While scorching suns do shine,  
In still July!

*Frank Verne Stevens.*

## THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE.

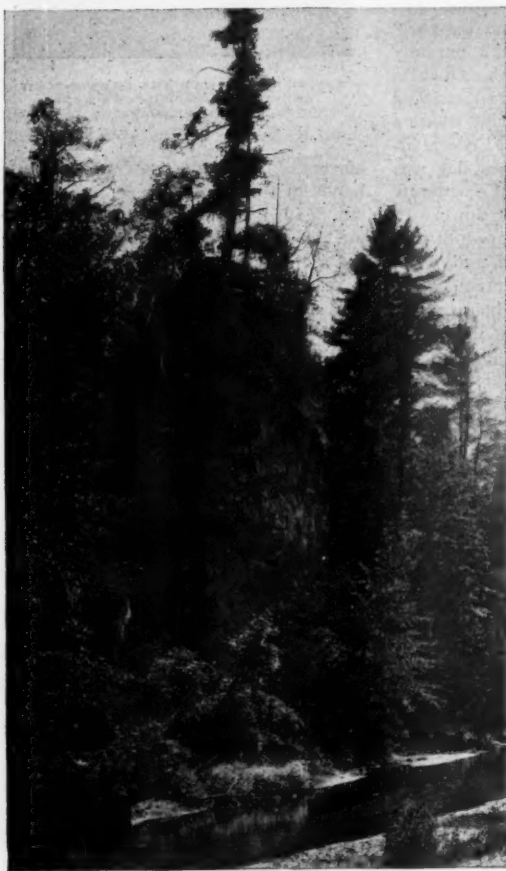
By SAMUEL CALVIN.

ALMOST everybody in Northeastern Iowa has heard of the "Devil's Backbone." Probably some will be disposed to retort that there are few persons anywhere who have not heard of it, for, whatever else may be his shortcomings, the devil has the reputation of consistently

manifesting a fairly perfect development of that part of his anatomical structure called backbone. The "Backbone" above mentioned does not, however, have anything to do with the spinal column of his behorned and cloven-footed majesty. It is, in fact, nothing more startling than

a very picturesque ridge of Niagara limestone. This ridge, long, high and narrow, presenting many vertical cliffs of yellowish-gray, lichen-covered rocks, and variously scarred and seamed by centuries of exposure to all kinds of weather, lies in a narrow loop of the Maquoketa River. There are other ridges bearing the same unromantic title scattered up and down the State, the best known perhaps being that which is included between two links of Middle River, closely doubled on each other, about four miles southwest of Winterset in southern central Iowa. The peculiarity of public taste, that, seemingly, by common consent passes these charming bits of Iowa topography over to the possession of the Prince of Darkness, is difficult to comprehend.

The "Backbone" of Northeastern Iowa is found near the northwest corner of Delaware County. It lies in the midst of primeval woods, practically untouched as yet by human efforts at im-



STEAMBOAT ROCK—THE MAQUOKETA RIVER AT ITS BASE.

provement. The road leading to it from Lamont, the nearest railway station, finally enters the forest and winds back and forth down a long steep slope until it reaches the valley through which a clear stream on the west side of the "Backbone" meanders over beds of clean-washed sand and gravel. The valley varies from one to two hundred yards in width. The bottom is flat and covered with deep alluvial soil indicative of a gorge that has long since been cut down to what geologists call base-level—the level at which, while present drainage conditions last, the tendency to cut deeper is reduced to the point of vanishing. The omnipresent blue grass, that, in this region, follows civilization and successfully wages a war of extermination upon the grasses and flowering plants that graced the native sward, has here taken full possession; while disposed

singly, or in groups and clusters that no art can imitate, are graceful elms, or scraggy oaks, or white-barked poplars with tremulous leaves, casting grateful shadows upon the soft green sod, and converting the valley into a park of rare, untrammelled, unconventional beauty.

Above the valley the ridge of the "Backbone" rises in places to a height of more than one hundred and fifty feet, while on the sides that look respectively towards the east and west there are many vertical cliffs and towers and buttresses of limestone forty, fifty, sixty feet in height. No very remarkable dimensions these, and to lovers of mountain scenery they will doubtless betoken character-



WESTERN WALL OF THE VALLEY, WITH PART OF THE LEVEL PLAIN TRAVERSED BY THE MAQUOKETA RIVER, ON THE WEST SIDE OF "THE BACKBONE."

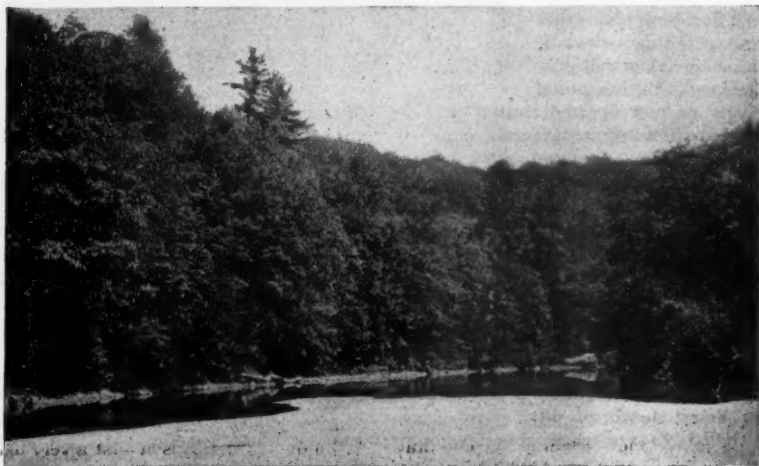
istics altogether unpretentious and unimposing. But charm in landscape is not necessarily proportioned to magnitudes. The beauty of these scarred and battered cliffs of soft gray stone would scarcely be enhanced by any increase in height. The scale on which they are constructed is now of sufficient size to admit of the working in of bold details. There is enough of rugged grandeur to differentiate the region thoroughly from the more commonplace scenery of the greater part of Iowa.

The faces of the cliffs are half hidden by clustering foliage of Virginia creeper, sumach and rock maple, that in summer are all robed in richest green, but turn to flame with the first nipping frosts of

autumn. The cliffs are crowned with dark-foliaged pines with tall, tapering shafts and downward reaching branches ; while cedars, with precarious-looking foothold, cling in perilous positions up near the summits of the precipitous scarps. In regions such as Iowa, the cedars, pines and spruces are sadly handicapped in the struggle for life. It is a constantly losing fight they are obliged to maintain with elms, oaks, maples and other trees with broadly foliate leaves. In ordinary woodlands, occupying plains or gently sloping hillsides, the battle has long been hopelessly lost so far as the cone-bearers are concerned. It is only in situations where climate is rigorous or means for sustenance scanty that the conifers have any chance at all, for in such situations the gross-feeding, rapid-growing, deciduous trees are at a disadvantage. Accordingly in Iowa the pines have been pushed to the very verge of rocky precipices, or to other stations characterized by thin, infertile soil. Often along the margin of a cliff they stand in but a single file, a dozen or two at most, a forlorn remnant of the countless hosts that once made good the claim of the cone-bearer to unrestricted possessions in Iowa. The

cedar has fared even worse than the pine, for in general it has been pushed completely over the brink of the precipice and now despairingly clings to the vertical surface with roots insinuated into crevices where it would seem there could scarcely be an ounce of soil. But the war of the forest trees, while absolutely merciless, is silent and unobtrusive, and the only impression likely to be left upon the mind of the casual visitor is that pine and cedar combine with oak and elm to produce here a scene of exquisite harmony and perfect peace.

At one point a wagon road winds toilsomely from the valley to the summit of the ridge where, within recent years, there has been built a rather plain summer hotel. North of the hotel the "Backbone" rises gradually until some forty or fifty feet have been added to its height. The pathway following the crest in this direction leads through a bit of shadowy forest in which the original trees have fortunately been allowed to stand. A vigorous second-growth reinforces the old forest, deepening the shadows and adding materially to the sense of peaceful seclusion that overtakes one in the stillness of unbroken woods as nowhere else.



THE MAQUOKETA RIVER AND LOWER SERIES OF CLIFFS ON THE EAST SIDE OF "THE BACKBONE."



From the crest of the ridge the ground descends abruptly on either side, with grades steep enough to tax the endurance of the most vigorous climber. On the eastern side, away down at least two hundred feet below the level of the summit, through open spaces among the tree trunks, one gets glimpses of the sparkling river as it turns away from the "Backbone" on its course to Forestville. The Maquoketa, it should be remembered, flows south along the western side of the "Backbone," loops around the southern end and then flows northward along the foot of the eastern slopes, until it is deflected to the right by walls of rock at the northern extremity of the ridge.

The points at which the walls of the ridge are most precipitous occur a short distance south of the hotel. Here the width at the summit is restricted to only a few yards, and the cliffs have a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet. From the foot of the cliffs on either side a talus-slope, usually wooded, descends at a high angle to the margin of the stream. The slope on the east is wider and higher, and its forest growth is denser, than on the west. On both sides the precipitous ledges are more or less fissured, and they have been carved by processes of erosion into a great variety of fantastic forms. Occasionally the fissures have been transformed into pathways, along which, by steadying one's self with the aid of projecting crag or friendly sapling, it is possible to ascend or descend with just enough of difficulty and spice of danger to give zest to the undertaking.

Along the top of the slope at the foot of the eastern cliff there is a shaded pathway which visitors have already called the Lovers' Walk. As the romantic beauty and restfulness of this interesting locality are better known, the Lovers' Walk is destined to become a favorite with all grades of pleasure-seekers in hot midsummer. A beautiful spring at the foot of the slope affords unstinted supplies of cool, delicious water. The one drawback, the one fatal blemish to this otherwise attractive picture, lies in the fact



THE STAIRWAY, WEST SIDE OF "THE BACKBONE."

that here, as may possibly have happened elsewhere more than once in this great, busy, blundering world, the Lovers' Walk leads straight to the Devil's Oven!

It is not always so, as I can testify, for I have known many a lovers' walk to have more auspicious ending. Indeed, I venture to predict that lovers innumerable will, in the future, saunter along this very pathway, and that at the end the majority of them will find the situation not less joyous than the anticipations of their fairest dreams.

After all the "Oven" is only a curious cavern hollowed out of a great castle-like mass of rock that looks as if it had been somehow detached and pushed out bodily from the central cliff. Science, however, would say that the space of four or five feet between the cliff and the detached mass is due to the widening, by chemical solution, of what was at first a very narrow fissure, and that widening fissure, enlarging cavern and castellated mass



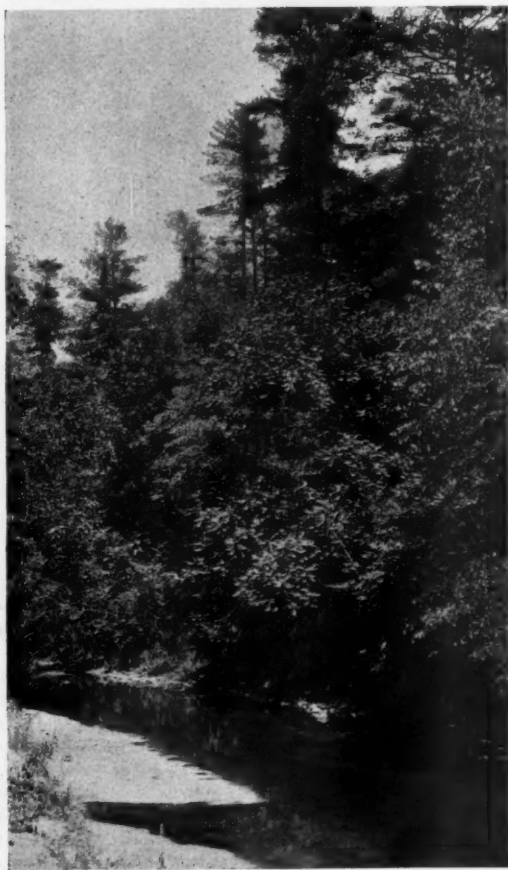
are only so many illustrations of the capricious freaks played by agents that are constantly at work in producing rock disintegration and decay. A more charming place than the vicinity of the "Oven" for rest and reading, when the mercury ranges away up among the nineties, it would be difficult to find.

There is just one other place on the "Backbone" that I would compare with it, and that is a cool, shady spot in the midst of a small grove of pines that, by

some unusual clemency on the part of the broad-leaved trees, has been permitted to occupy a considerable area, of rather thin soil it must be admitted, on the summit of the ridge. The ground is cushioned with pine needles, the air is fragrant with balsamic odors characteristic of the great pine woods, the winds make the music we have so often heard before, sighing through the pine boughs overhead. On the whole it is a restful, dreamy place, where one may stretch at full length and while away an hour or two when mid-summer temperature makes it burdensome to indulge in physical or mental exertion.

The cliffs on the west side are higher than those on the east. A rambling path winds in and out, and up and down, to accommodate itself to the most feasible route along the irregular slope which separates the cliffs from the river. Along these cliffs, to a much greater extent than on the opposite side, the limestone has been eroded into towers and castles and huge, projecting buttresses. Here, too, may be seen better than elsewhere the various steps and processes whereby the "everlasting hills" slowly crumble at the touch of air and moisture and the other agents that are unceasingly active in turning into dust the great rock masses of the globe.

Probably the most striking feature of the western cliffs is what has been called the Devil's Stairway. This is simply a fissure, two or three feet wide, that cuts vertically



WALNUTS, MAPLES AND DARK-FOLIAGED PINES, WEST SIDE OF  
"THE BACKBONE."



THE DEVIL'S CLAWS.

through one of the salient masses, and has a general direction parallel to the axis of the "backbone." It was originally filled with clay and other residual products of disintegration; but some of the filling has been washed out, and the bottom of the open space is now a steeply-sloping way, up which, by holding well to the rocky walls on either side, the visitor may with some difficulty clamber until he emerges at the summit of the ridge.

Nearly due west of the hotel, but reached by a roundabout route to avoid a number of obstacles in the shape of thickets, crags, and slopes too steep for easy walking, a felled tree forms a convenient foot-bridge across the stream. Beyond the stream lies one of the most beautiful, park-like portions of the valley, where green sod and refreshing shade are happily combined. Both sides of the gorge are here rendered picturesque by reason of the multitude of interesting forms into which the jutting rocks have been carved. Of these forms, that known as Steamboat Rock is probably the most noted, for the reason that it presents a very striking resemblance to the prow of a modern ocean greyhound. This resemblance loses nothing by the presence of the mast-like pine which grows directly upon the summit.

When all this region was a part of the

bed of the ocean, when corals, sea-lilies, lamp shells and other marine types were its only inhabitants, away back yonder in the shadowy past during what men call Silurian time, a species of lamp shell named *Pentamerus oblongus* was particularly abundant. Individuals of this species swarmed over the sea bottom to the almost total exclusion of everything else. The dead shells of numberless successive generations, broken and ground to minute particles, constituted the material out of which these great limestone ledges were slowly and successively built up. Many shells remained entire. The cavity of each of these was filled, and the whole eventually covered up, by the soft, limy mud that trituration of other shells produced. In time the substance of the shells embedded in the limestone, because it was more soluble than the rest of the rock, was dissolved out and carried away by percolating water. And now the ledges yield, not shells, but simply moulds or casts of the shell cavity; for the soft mud that filled the shells hardened into stone as well as the rest of the material making up the limestone beds, and, in spite of all the millenniums that have passed since then, it still preserves every character of the interior of those old shells as perfectly as if the cast had but yesterday been made with the best plaster of Paris. In

one valve of the original shell there was a structure that has left a deep fissure in the cast. On each side of the fissure the cast comes to a sharp point. I have been accustomed to hearing the casts of *Pentamerus* spoken of as petrified hickory nuts, but on a recent visit to the "Backbone" I learned a new name for them. The visitors, with commendable consistency and an evident desire to render unto *Cæsar* the things that are *Cæsar's*, were calling them Devil's Claws, and were gathering them in quantities as additions to parlor collections of things curious and rare. The name is not a bad one when you come to think of it, and the wonder is that it is not more generally used. The chief difficulty arises when an attempt is made to account for the great number of these objects, on the hypothesis which the name implies. His Majesty must have been marvelously well supplied with claws, for there are literally millions of them in this ridge alone, not to speak of the multiplied millions occurring in other areas occupied by the lower beds of the Niagara limestone.

The "Backbone" is a fragment of unique topography that, like the Driftless Area, preserves the characteristics of the pre-glacial surface of the State. In fact, it is itself a driftless area, though rather small. The regions all around it are deeply covered with glacial deposits, but no drift is found upon the ridge or in the adjacent valleys. The integrity of the limestone towers and other erosive forms

that would be easily toppled over are inconsistent with movements of glacier ice. The old ice sheet, for some reason, failed to spread its mantle of detritus over this region, and it is to this failure that citizens of the fertile midland are indebted for the preservation of the features on which depends its strange power of exciting in all intelligent visitors the sense of surprised delight. The beauty, the seclusion, the attractiveness of the place, are certain to be appreciated more and more as the years go by, provided shortsighted, unæsthetic avarice does not transform its forest lands into pastures, or does not attempt to "improve" it for the sake of converting it into a profitable summer resort. If it can only be let alone, it will remain a source of purest pleasure, to be particularly enjoyed by the tired worker who has learned that occasional outings, where one may have direct contact with woods and rocks as Nature left them, are the most effective means for relaxation from the mental strain consequent on the conditions under which work of every kind must now be performed. These weather-beaten cliffs, the difficult and lonely paths, the odorous pines in which the breezes make perpetual music, all the settings and associations and characteristics of the place, tend to refresh and reinvigorate both mind and body, provided only, one is in sympathy with Nature unimproved by art, and is capable of responding unreservedly to the charm of the modestly picturesque.

## A SUMMER DAY.

A DROWSY droning in the lilac bush,  
Upon the sweet swamp pink a tender flush,  
A gush of song from out the firmament,  
And in the heart a sigh of deep content.

*Clarence Hawkes.*

## AMANA COLONY.\*

A GLIMPSE OF THE COMMUNITY OF TRUE INSPIRATION.

BY BERTHA M. HORAK.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—*Psalm, cxxxiii. 1.*

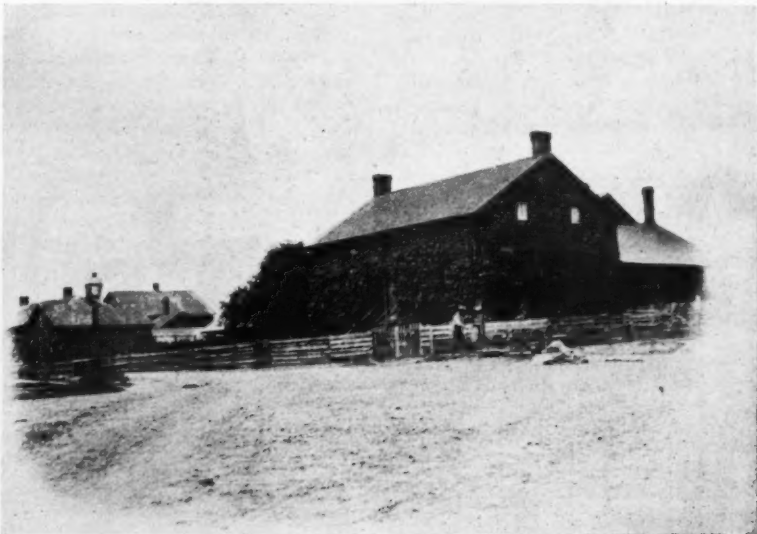
SOUTHEAST of the center of Iowa stands a group of little villages, so unlike the neighboring towns in their arrangement, with people so different in customs and in dress from the people one is accustomed to see, that the visitor finds it difficult to realize he is only a few miles from Iowa's capital and not in a foreign country. Eight villages compose this picturesque little group, the home of the Amana Society or Community of True Inspiration.

The "Colonies" are in the northeastern part of Iowa County. They are situated on both sides of the Iowa River, the usefulness of which stream has been increased greatly by the construction of a

mill-race—a canal seven miles long, which furnishes the water-power for the several factories and mills scattered throughout the settlement. The mill race, with its fringe of grape vines and pickerel weed and the quaint little bridges that span it here and there, is as pretty as it is useful, and furnishes a never ending source of enjoyment for Amana summer visitors.

Half-way between Amana and High Amana, with the mill-race running through it, is a beautiful little lake, which is bordered sometimes to the width of sixty feet with the American Lotus or Yellow Nelumbo (*Nelumbium luteum*). It is worth a journey of many miles to see this little sheet of water in the month of July,

\*Awarded the prize for the best Original Descriptive Paper in the MIDLAND's ninth quarterly competition, closing April 1st.



AN AMANA HOME.

when the lotus lifts hundreds of great buff blossoms above the water. The seed of the lotus, when ripe, is about the size of a small hazel nut, perfectly round, and hard enough to admit of a high polish. Every fall a priest from one of the neighboring towns collects these seeds in great quantities to be used in making rosaries.

Each Colony is a cluster of from fifty to one hundred houses, arranged for the most part along the main street or road. And how unlike the main street of the common country town! Instead of a ragged row of business buildings where the neighboring farmers collect to discuss politics and the corn crop, we find on either side of the street a neat row of vine-covered houses—the only places of business being the store at one end of the street and the hotel near the other. Here the usual noise and bustle of the country store is wanting, and even the hotel has about it a quiet, soothing atmosphere.

Every now and then an ox-cart comes meandering down the pretty little street. These great, patient, slow-moving animals would be strangely out of place in our own hurrying streets, but are in perfect keeping with the easy, steady, systematic movement of the Colony. The use of these animals is a matter of economy with the Colonists, as the ox, when speed is not required, can be used longer and worked harder than the horse, and, when no longer profitable for hauling, can be fattened and used as beef.

One never sees the Colonists collecting in any considerable number on the street. When they meet they usually greet each other with a shake of the hand and pass on—leaving the silver question, the latest candidate for the presidency, and other questions of the day untouched, or reserving them for some more appropriate place for discussion.

The houses are two, sometimes three, storied structures of frame, brick, or a



AN AMANA GROUP.

peculiar brown sandstone that is found in the vicinity; and some, as if to add still greater variety to the scenes are built of all these materials. The frame houses are all unpainted—the Colonists believing it to be more economical to rebuild when occasion requires than to preserve the buildings a little longer with paint. In summer the severe aspect of the houses is softened by the vines which partly cover dwelling house, school, church and hotel alike. These vines are trained over a framework a few inches from the building itself, so as to prevent any injury to the wall, and afford a better support for the vines. For these vines are not simply the ornamental ivies, but grape vines, which serve the purpose of shade and protection in the summer time and yield an abundant harvest in the fall. Here and there the trumpet-vine with its brilliant flowers will be seen climbing a trellis in company with the grape, it having won its way into the hearts of the people by its attractive blossom. But the woodbine, which has neither blossom nor fruit to recommend it, is not to be found, except where it creeps in unnoticed in some uncared for spot.

These houses are occupied by one, two or three families, depending upon the size of the house and the size of the family. There is no crowding, however; the same spirit that led these people to believe that the purity of the Society could better be maintained with more villages and fewer in a village has led them to provide plenty of room for their people. In spite of the fact that everything within these several Colonies is held in common, each man's home is his castle. Here he is at liberty to indulge his own taste in decoration—provided he does not go beyond his allowance. Here each child has a room to himself, where he may indulge his own hobbies and store his own keepsakes without being disturbed.



ONE OF THE ELDERS.

Two underlying principles govern the entire community—economy and utility; yet in one thing these seemingly ever-present motives are set aside, and that is in the matter of flowers. Around every house, even in the hotel and school-yards, there are carefully kept flower-gardens. Such masses of bloom! Such a display of color! Such a collection of quaint, old-fashioned flowers—petunias, marigolds, chrysanthemums, "pretty faces," bachelor's buttons, six-week's stock—with here and there a bed of geraniums, a rose-bush or a flowering shrub.

There are several "kitchens" in each Colony, by which is meant the houses at which the people take their meals. Long before the idea of coöperative house-keeping had dawned upon the minds of ardent reformers as a solution of the domestic problem, the Colonists had decided that this was the most economical



mode of living. From sixteen to forty eat at one kitchen, the number depending largely upon the location. The places are assigned by the trustees.

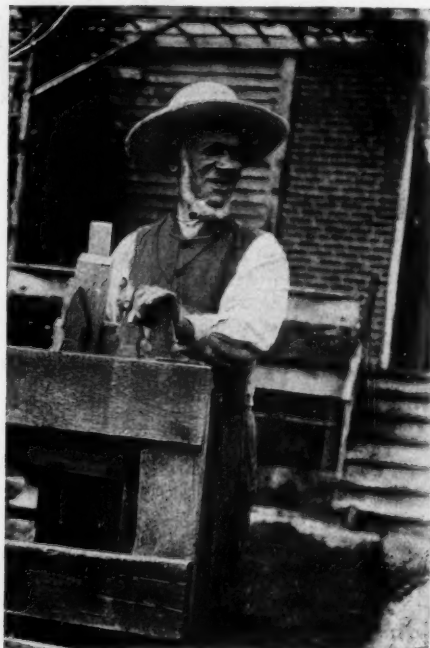
The kitchen proper is usually a small room furnished with a long, low brick stove with an iron plate top. Back of this is a sheet of tin several feet high, which shines like a mirror; from its upper edge hang a great variety of strainers, spoons, dippers and ladles. Everything from floor to ceiling is kept scrupulously clean. During my visit at the Colony last summer I took a picture of the hotel kitchen. When I returned this year the housekeeper confided to me her chagrin on finding that the towel in the kitchen was not clean at the time the picture was taken, explaining just how it happened that it wasn't changed at the proper time. I had not noticed the presence of the towel at all, but to her it was the most conspicuous object in the picture. I tried

to convince her the spots she saw were only shadows, but I am afraid I did not succeed.

It is one of the religious principles of this quiet, gentle people to care for those in sickness or in want, a fact the tramp element has not been slow to learn and take advantage of. At certain seasons of the year the community is overrun with tramps—all posing as victims of misfortune.

The hotel-keeper at Amana is also Marshal of the Colonies. He has the sternest face and the kindest heart that were ever combined in one personality. His naturally keen eye has been trained by years of observation and experience to distinguish between the professional tramp and the really unfortunate and worthy wayfarer. Every year some poor young fellow who has drifted into the Colonies with the tramps is cared for and given employment until he is once more able to "stand upon his own feet," then they bid him godspeed. They are continually hearing from some of these men, or from their friends, reports which prove their efforts have not been in vain.

The year after the Chicago fire, a party of tramps came to the hotel at Amana and asked for something to eat. As they ate their dinner the hotel-keeper sat some distance away and watched the party with half closed eyes. One of the faces attracted him, for he said, "I knew by his eyes the man had seen better days." After dinner this man asked for work and without a moment's hesitation it was given him. He was a good workman, and little by little he told his story. He was the son of an eminent optician in Switzerland. He was educated as a civil engineer; had a beautiful home and was brought up in luxury. But he and his father quarreled one day and, in a fit of passion, he sailed for America. After roaming about for some time, he opened an office in Chi-



THE CARPENTER.



cago and was doing fairly well when the fire occurred. His instruments were burned. He was friendless as well as penniless. He would not write home for money and, in desperation, he wandered from place to place begging for food and shelter, finally falling in with the Colonists. Some of the less credulous of the community were inclined to doubt this story, among them the doctor—who decided to test the man's ability in mathematics. Accordingly, the next time he met him he gave him several problems to be solved when he found time. To the doctor's surprise the man replied, "Why I don't need time to work those—I can work them in my head. The results are so-and-so." After this he was known as "the engineer."

He worked at the Colony several months and then informed his benefactors he was going home. He was given his money and disappeared. Eight months passed by when the hotel-keeper received a letter bearing a foreign postmark. It was from "the engineer." He told of his safe arrival, of the rejoicing at home at the return of the prodigal son, of his reconciliation with his father, and ended by saying, "If you could see me with my broadcloth suit, my gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and my 'stovepipe' hat, you wouldn't believe it to be the tramp engineer who worked for you last summer. I shall never forget you, and I am not ashamed to tell my family and friends that I once carried bricks for the Colonists at Amana—God bless them!"

The typical "hobo" described so graphically by Josiah Flint is an entirely different character to deal with. He



THE GARDENER AT THE HOTEL PUMP.

haunts the neighborhood and takes every possible advantage of this peace-loving people. He wanders from kitchen to kitchen, from village to village, sure of one meal at each place. He then disguises himself and makes the round again. He may be successful during part of the trip, but he never deceives the keen-eyed marshal a second time.

Some ten years ago a tramp came to the hotel with no attempt to disguise his "profession"; he was given a meal or two and went on in search of fresh fields and pastures green. Eight years later he returned, this time in the role of a poor, unfortunate man, out of work and far away from home and friends, and humiliated beyond expression at being obliged to beg for bread, as he had never done anything of the kind before. His story was interrupted by the marshal, who informed



A COLONY KITCHEN.

him that he had been there before and that he knew him very well. The tramp protested; but the marshal replied, "You were here eight years ago. You are known on the road as 'Hobo Charley' and you have one tooth out here" (pointing to a left bicuspid). This was too much for the gravity of the tramp, who

burst out laughing—and, sure enough, the tooth was seen to be gone!

The Colonists, like the Quakers, carry no firearms except in the most extreme cases. Even the marshal is loth to carry a revolver, although he has at least on two occasions almost lost his life for lack of one. The vagabonds who roam about



AT THE SCHOOL.

in this vicinity are keen enough to become acquainted with this fact and are, in consequence, frequently emboldened as they would not be otherwise. Some time ago the marshal hearing of a troublesome "gang" who were camping in the neighboring wood, and fearing the spreading of fire, went in search of them, this time with a revolver. When the "gang" saw him coming they jumped up and attempted to pin his arms to his sides.

party—a German tramp who had been befriended in the Colony the day before—run to the factory for help. This was in the morning, and in the afternoon one of these same tramps, a most repulsive looking individual who, in addition to his loathsome dirt and rags, didn't seem to have a redeeming feature in his face, came to the hotel, asked for food and said he was disabled by a carbuncle under his arm. He was taken in and while he ate his



HOTEL GARDEN AT AMANA WITH VILLAGE IN THE DISTANCE.

With a quick movement the marshal pulled out his weapon, much to the astonishment of the cowards, one of whom exclaimed, "Gosh, didn't know *you* carried a pop!" and took to his heels.

One morning that summer our hero, the marshal, was less fortunate. A "pot gang" had built a fire dangerously near a field of stacked grain. Alone and unarmed he attempted to rout them. Two of them—there were fifteen in all—jumped at his throat and would have made way with him had not one of the

dinner the doctor was called. The afflicted member was dressed and when I left, a week later, he was still about the premises under the doctor's care. Was there ever a more Christ-like spirit! When asked how in the face of all that had happened he could care for this man, the hotel-keeper quietly answered, "He was sick." And the questioner felt rebuked.

Throughout the entire settlement the same spirit is shown. "Malice toward none and charity for all" can be read

upon every face that passes by. Generations of right-thinking and right-living can be seen on the faces of the Colonists. They need no garments of white, as *Die Weisen* of old, for their faces are a better index of the pure, the noble, the spiritual lives that they lead than any spotless robe.

There is an indescribably restful atmosphere about the Colonies. Nowhere is work done more thoroughly than here; but, where each member of the community young and old does his honest share, the individual burden is not heavy. There are no drones in this hive. Every one is busy, but no one is hurried. Every one does his work conscientiously, but seems singularly free from worry.

The fact that very few children are seen by the average visitor has led many to believe and some to make the statement that there are not many here. This is a mistake. There are just as many little people to be found here as in any community of the same size. Long before the ordinary pleasure-seeker starts on his exploring tour, the boys and girls between the ages of five and fourteen are hard at work at school. Here they may be found six days in the week, all the year round. The sessions open early and close late—with the exception of Saturday—and there are no vacations. To those of us who are accustomed to the short sessions and long vacations of the modern public school this at first thought seems almost cruelty to the children, but a visit to *die Schule* very soon convinces one that these children fare quite as well as our own little people.

As each member of the Colony has his or her own appointed work to do,—work which frequently keeps the parents away from home all day,—the children must be taken care of, and the school largely supplants the home training of our children. That it is in every sense adequate, every one who has visited the school must acknowledge. Never have I seen a group of children so uniformly well mannered, pleasant spoken, courteous and thoughtful as in the Colony school.

What would seem like an otherwise long, tiresome session is broken up into three parts—*die Lehr-schule*, where all the common branches are taught, *die Spiel-stunde*, or hour of play, and *die Arbeits-schule*, where the girls and boys alike are taught to knit and sew, to care for the flowers and gardens, and in many other ways to become useful members of the community.

During our last visit in Amana we gave the knitting teacher candy to be distributed during recess, at which time luncheon is served to the children in the two vine-covered arbors, one for boys and one for girls,—for here as everywhere throughout the Colony they are separated. Before the candy was distributed, the children named over one by one the schoolmates who were absent, and their share was put away first, then the remainder was divided among those present. After the candy had disappeared, every boy and girl, without a single exception, came to us, offered a hand and thanked us in the most unaffected manner and invited us to come again. As we sat in the arbor, one unfortunate little girl, whose mind was evidently a blank, came bouncing in. Two of the older girls quietly arose, removed her sun-bonnet, smoothed her hair, adjusted her little black cap, and led her gently to a bench near by,—an act so spontaneous, so considerate, that it was an effort for those of us who saw it to keep the tears back. We no longer wondered at the universal nobility of character, kindness of manner and genuine thoughtfulness of the men and women of Amana Colony.

While from the outside the vine-covered school-house with its white-curtained windows and its neat flower-beds is likely to be mistaken for a dwelling, the interior with its blackboards, charts and globes is not unlike our own school-rooms, with the exception of the unpainted woodwork and the sanded floors. The teachers in the school proper are all men, but there are women among the "working teachers."

Much of the reciting is done in concert, and, in the primary department where

the little ones learn to spell by syllables, fit the syllables together and pronounce the word, the result is a sort of chant, the rhythm of which is fascinating. This same chant may be heard, during the long recess, when the children play their quaint little games,—quaint to us because of their setting but in reality only equivalents of the "London Bridge," "King William," and "Drop the Handkerchief," of our own school-days.

The children under five, whose parents are obliged to be away from home during the day, are kept in a nursery well supplied with toys and sand-piles.

The dress of both men and women is plain in the extreme. Utility and not adornment is the chief regard. There is nothing characteristic in the dress of the men aside from its severity. An Inspirationist is readily recognized anywhere by the short, round beard under the smooth-shaven chin. The dress of the women can never be mistaken for anything but the Amana dress. Fashions never trouble them. The dress of to-day is the same as it was at the founding of the Colony. Mothers and daughters, grandmothers and granddaughters dress alike—not in the sober grays of the Quakers, nor the more brilliant purples of the Amish, but in plain calicoes of gray or blue or brown. The waist is short and very plain, the skirt long and full. An apron of moderate length, a "shoulder shawl" of calico, and a small black cap completes the summer costume. The only head-gear is a sun-bonnet with a long cape. The winter dress differs from this only in being made of flannel; a hood takes the place of the sun-bonnet. Thirty-five dollars for clothing is allowed each member of the Colony annually. A seemingly small sum, but sufficient when we remember that the clothing is all of the simplest and that this year's dress will answer for next year and for the year after—in fact as long as it will last.

The secret of the prosperity of this communistic body is said to be the religion which binds its members together. The truth of this even the casual observer

must recognize. Their religion is not a thing to be put aside Monday morning with the "best clothes" and donned on the following Sunday, but a thing ever present with them—a part of their every-day life.

It is interesting to note that while in so many respects the Society is like one large family, still they seldom collect in large numbers—not even in their devotional exercises. There are several chapels in each village where the people assemble in small groups for evening prayer. The church is a large, narrow building, divided into several rooms, one in front of the other. For the usual Sunday service the girls and young women, not necessarily unmarried, assemble in one room, the boys and young men in another, while the older members assemble in a third. The wraps are all left in the hallway. Periodically there is a general meeting on Sunday afternoon in a fourth room—a very large assembly room. The church and its interior, like the Colony dress, is marked by its severity. The whitewashed walls, the bare floors and the long, unpainted pews and woodwork all bespeak the character of the service. There is no pulpit; instead, a plain pine table with the simplest of cover. At this table the presiding elder sits. On either side of him facing the congregation is seated a row of elders. These are chosen by the people from the most spiritually inclined of the Community. There is just one aisle in the church, a wide center aisle; on either side of this there is a row of long, well-scrubbed benches or settees. In the general meeting the men are grouped on one side of the church, the women on the other, both according to age—the younger members on the front seats, the older members behind. The silence in the church is almost absolute. There is no organ but the mingling of the clear, strong voices of the younger members with the deep, often tremulous notes of the older ones in the chanting of the Psalms is more charming than any organ voluntary or Sunday morning solo. The absolute lack of outward show, the sim-

ple, earnest, devout spirit of the service, makes one feel that these people are very near "the great white throne."

The perfect equality maintained by the Colonists is shown even in death. In the cemetery there are no family lots, no monuments. The departed members are placed side by side in perfect rows, regardless of family ties. The graves are all marked by a low, white-painted board slab with the simplest kind of an inscription on the side facing the grave. The grass in the cemetery is carefully trimmed, but there are no flowers there.

While the Colonists have to a certain degree tried to keep aloof from "the world," the latter, like Mahomet, has gone to the mountain, and has left its

footprints in the form of modifications of the former austerity of the Community. Rag carpets have taken the place of sanded floors in many sitting-rooms, ornamental trinkets are hung upon the wall, and here and there a piece of upholstered furniture is to be found. A few years ago instrumental music was strictly forbidden; now one occasionally hears the distant notes of the violin or the deeper tones of the accordion.

"What will the next half century do for the Colonies?" the visitor asks; and he is likely to follow up his question with expression of the hope that the Amana Society may prosper as it has prospered in the past, and that its purity and simplicity may be preserved.



## TO OCTAVE THANET.

FROM storied page of mediæval lore,  
And classic rhyme,—the ladders of the wise,—  
Our Ancient Mother turned thy longing eyes,  
And bade thee sketch the hoary Past no more;  
But simple native portraits to restore,—  
Such as Theocritus would haply prize,  
Or Chaucer bid thee draw, with gay surmise  
That thy blithe folk would live forevermore:  
For this, our Mother Earth, with lavish hand  
Thy tranquil eyes suffused with Humor's light,  
Disclosed the rosy peak of Fiction Land  
And Pain's dark valley to thy aching sight;  
Then gave thee subtle power to portray  
Strong, vivid types to illustrate our day.

*Mary J. Reid.*



## IN ARKANSAS.

APROPOS OF OCTAVE THANET'S ROMANCES.

BY TH. BENTZON.

Translated by E. S. Schaeffer.

Th. Bentzon is the *nom de plume* of Mme. Blanc, a Frenchwoman of distinction both in a social and a literary way. The descendant of a noble French family and the step-daughter of the chief equerry of Napoleon III., she was reared in the Tuilleries and had an intimate acquaintance with the Emperor and Empress. She is the friend at once of the Faubourg St. Germain, the Bonapartists and the Republicans, and welcomes members of all parties and of every school of literature to her salon, where symbolists, realists, romanticists and even decadents meet on equal terms. Mme. Blanc's books, which are very popular in France and England, have been treated with distinguished honor, several of them ("Constance," "Tony," "Un Remords," and others) having been crowned by the French Academy. Her latest book, "Les Américaines Chez Elles," is pronounced to be the fairest, keenest and at the same time most sympathetic study of us that any foreigner has given,—with perhaps the exception of Brice. One of her friends, writing of her, says: "Personally she is a very charming woman who has the French fascination and wit, but at the same time a gentle repose of manner and a sweet toleration that belong to no nation, but to some elect souls among all peoples."

The following article was published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for February, 1896, and has been widely copied in France and Belgium.

IT IS only since visiting the West and the New South of the United States that I have been able to appreciate the scrupulous fidelity in the description of things and of people which makes of each one of Octave Thanet's short stories a little *chef-d'œuvre* of truthful realism. But long before, in Paris, without knowing either the surroundings or the personages that had inspired them, I felt their real superiority, that warm, large palpitation of genuine human life that fills them from one end to the other.

The volume entitled "Stories of a Western Town" had served me as guide

and companion in the excursions of which the point of departure was Chicago. I was so thoroughly imbued with its contents that every one of the more or less unfinished towns, through which the chances of travel led me, had for me at first sight a familiar aspect. It must be admitted that they do not differ much among themselves, but the type which remained in my mind was the unforgettable Western town depicted by Octave Thanet. I recognized everything: the shower of dead leaves which a keen wind stirs up on the horrible board walk, while the roadway of macadam and dried dirt shines like silver with the hoar frost; the long rows of workmen's houses, of which the highest are of two stories, wooden houses neatly painted in different colors, with the kind of luxury obtained by a display of geraniums behind the narrow windows; the more elegant streets, paved with brick; the substantial buildings of the place, specimens of the American renaissance in imitation of Richardson, of which the high façades, the arches, the mullions, the terra cotta decorations, give one the impression of so many public buildings, although they are for the most part manufactories or shops; the gigantic factory chimneys, the black factory buildings, the pseudo-Gothic cathedral; the college, older than the rest, with its wooden cupola perched on top, "like a little hat on a fat man"; the monument commemorating the War, and the schools, ostentatiously imposing with the magnificence of their turrets, their balconies, their ornate windows; the whole symbolical of a flourishing intellectual culture. Finally the railway, which winds unceremoniously through the streets, where every one is allowed to look out for himself, and the electric cars

which follow one another incessantly with their shrill ringing and the shower of sparks from the trolley.

The passers-by, too, were often old acquaintances of mine. I fitted names to all the faces.

This thin, young woman, for example, with high cheek-bones, square chin and long, energetic face, is Tilly Louder (Mother Emeritus), who earns her living by writing on the machine. There is a legion of type-writers; Tilly is employed in a large commercial house and is a model employé, ambitious, determined to succeed, and domineering with the best intentions over a mother who keeps house for her. Mrs. Louder, the mother, has sat for one of the most sympathetic of Octave Thanet's portraits; an Irish soul, overflowing with generosity, burning with exaltation, shines out of her still beautiful eyes, although they have for half a century wept with sympathy and sparkled with enthusiasm over the griefs and joys of others. The willing servant of all her neighbors, she marries one, buries another, presides at the birth of the baby over the way, darns the stockings of the student next door, whose name even she does not know, takes care of the children of the working-woman upstairs, helps the woman who has the restaurant downstairs, watches for cases of diphtheria and smallpox, in order to hasten to the bedside of the patient, giving her advice, her strength, her indefatigable devotion to all the tenants of the large house, of which she is the guardian angel. She ends by soliciting the position of nurse at a large farm where naturally servants are lacking:—all through the West servants are harder to find than gold mines. Her aim is to secure for the farmer, an influential man, the leisure necessary to take charge of a subscription for the benefit of the poor Russians; a newspaper article on the "Horrors of Hunger" has shown her the way. It should be said that the Western towns proceed only by subscriptions; whether it is for a cyclone, a fire, the cholera or for some disaster that is often very re-

mote, money rolls out with magnificence; it suffices that the person in charge of the affair takes it upon himself to ask and to organize.

"I aint got the money or the intellect," says Mrs. Louder, "but s'posing I could do it for somebody else, like this Captain Ferguson who could do so much if he just could get a hired girl to take care of his wife. Well, I do know how to cook and to keep a house neat and to do for the sick—" Great simple heart, always tender! I can venture to say that this widow under whose crêpe it beats, carries herself majestically; all Irishwomen have the bearing of queens. If Mrs. Louder has an air of sadness it is because her daughter, in order to make her take some rest, wishes to compel her to move out of this neighborhood, and she will die of *ennui* when she is no longer able to kill herself in the service of others. Ah! these young American women, school-mistresses, employés in offices, women of affairs, as active and resolute as boys, how masterful they are at home, how the personality of their good mothers is effaced in their presence!

Here is another Irishman of purest blood, this young man with the sparkling blue eyes fringed with black, whose mobile mouth reveals the orator even when he is silent (Tommy and Thomas). An orator at school and in the lower ranks of local politics, he will still be an orator in Congress and even in the Senate; yesterday the little Tommy, whose father kept a saloon, to-morrow Thomas Fitzmaurice, of a bearing proud enough to make it appear quite reasonable for him to claim an ancestor who was created a viscount by King James, even though later his impoverished descendants were driven out of Ireland by the famine. A braggart? Of course he is; what would the West be without brag?

I shall not allow myself to underestimate the elegance of this attractive person who now passes before me. She began quite simply by being a cook; "help" or "hired girl," as they say; but over there a cook sometimes has a taste for

reading, studies book-keeping and stenography and becomes an employé of another sort, earning enough money to bring up her brothers and sisters, but has no time to think of marriage until some day she consents, almost maternally, to place her superior practical knowledge at the service of a fine but dreamy fellow who is adrift in this country, where there is no place for dreams. Such is the story of Alma Brown, who rescues the too confiding Nelson at the very brink of the precipice. (*The Face of Failure.*)

That dry little man with an air of haste and authority, who is writing in his memorandum book as he walks along the street, represents Mr. Armorer, the president of the street railways of the city. He is making a note—not to forget—that his daughter is going to be married. She is even marrying somewhat against his will; he wishes in his paternal selfishness that she had the decided taste for celibacy that at present distinguishes so many American girls. Horatio Armorer is a spoiled child of fortune,—the son of a Presbyterian minister who in order to inculcate principles beat his sons so often and so severely that as a result of those corrections they hate the very name of principles. He rapidly became a millionaire, as one may do when he is not hampered by too many scruples. At this moment he is meditating a good administrative measure: to suppress, for the sake of economy, the conductors of the electric cars, at the risk of crushing a few more children every year. The difficulty is that his future son-in-law, Harry Lossing, the great furniture manufacturer, is the mayor of the city, and, being a person of very firm principles, believes himself bound to guard the safety of the children who go unattended to the kindergarten, even to the point of risking the loss of his sweetheart. But she, whom a perfected education has imbued with the new ideas, which consist in placing the public interest before everything, even before the interest of a father, approves of Lossing's motives, and in spite of the surveillance to which she is subjected (surveillance in

America is never anything but relative), finds opportunity to engage herself to him during the downward passage of an elevator; an incident which compels Armorer to efface from his memoranda the line:—"Oppose my daughter's marriage."

This story is told with much vivacity; but the finest in its precision and sobriety, which a master like Maupassant need not have disowned, is "*The Besetment of Kurt Lieders.*" It turns on the obstinacy with which an old German workman tries to kill himself, after his stubbornness has already caused him to leave his employer, the great manufacturer of art furniture, around whom all these stories turn. Kurt Lieders has been for thirty years the most valued employé of the factory, but he has chosen to break with it, and having done so he can no longer support existence; rat poison, the razor, the rope, all seem good to him; he tries them all. His wife, on the alert to baffle this suicidal mania, has tied him up so that he cannot renew his attempts, but has been unable to induce him to promise that he will renounce his dark design. All that the desperate man will grant her is to attempt nothing of the kind on the anniversary of their marriage, and old Thekla profits by this truce to reconcile him with his employer. She, whom her husband despises as incapable of comprehending anything beyond her housekeeping, has been clever enough to discover a secret, which is that he longs not so much to kill himself as to return to the workshop. Through the mists of her thick brain Thekla Lieders has perceived that profound truth which we all have so much difficulty in recognizing,—that affectionate persons are not the only ones in this world who have need of love, that certain ill-made and morose souls have a passionate desire for the very affection that they repulse. Old, ugly, heavy of mind, she adores her Kurt, though she always trembles before him, and this love helps her to find a skillful subterfuge to arrange all. Kurt Lieders' remark on hearing the good news which

snatches him from death is characteristic: "Well, I did think he had more sand than to give in to a woman!" But in his own heart he knows that he has all his life been unjust to this humble companion, and his final acceptance of the moral handcuffs which she puts on him when she compels him to yield seems to me a marvel of restrained emotion. The story is written in a style which would be difficult to translate, the comic German-American jargon, through which pierces a soul which does not belong to the Western States, the soul of an artist. The Lossing establishment owes to Kurt its reputation for artistic furniture. A laborious artisan, an inflexible overseer, he is still an artist. No sculptor ever put more fidelity and enthusiasm into the composition of a statue than this cabinet-maker into that of a chest. The stubborn old German was in his way a genius, with all the crotchets and caprices that accompany certain gifts.

The poor missionary, too, of this other tale which is at once droll and touching,—"An Assisted Providence,"—is a saint in spite of his grotesque appearance. His sermon certainly amounts to nothing; he thinks to persuade his audience by shouting himself red in the face, and when he tries to intone he brays like Balaam's ass; but he has despoiled himself to give to the poor, he has risked his life for the sick, he has been seen during an epidemic burying the dead with his own hands, the gravedigger having succumbed. Now he asks nothing better than to employ his leisure moments at his old trade of carpenter, in order to release his parishioners from the salary which they find it hard to pay. And Providence, whose active instrument he is, rewards him in the end. One of the personages of the town, who has been bored by his sermon with its platitudes, inadvertently drops into the plate, instead of the two five-dollar bills prepared for the purpose, two bills of a hundred dollars each, which he had put into another pocket in order to buy a couple of thoroughbred dogs.

The beauty that is hidden in the most modest things, that is what Octave Thanet

brings to light quite naturally and without effort; he regards it with kindly eyes, a kindness full of humor, gay, healthy, and with a certain touch of roguishness. An optimist? Perhaps,—he is so healthy. Concerned about a moral? Very little. His work is moral like all work which is thoroughly healthy, but he does not preach nor prose. We shall not repeat of him what we once had the misfortune to say about Rudyard Kipling, "He has humor and even *esprit*," an observation that irritated the English critics, who were so touchy as to think humor insulted by this simple remark, which only meant, "*Esprit* is rarer than humor in England." It is much less rare in America, and Octave Thanet has *esprit* as much as if he had been born a Frenchman. In fact, he has French blood in his veins, as well as a quick, contagious emotion, a grain of that fine Irish enthusiasm, which, modified by sturdy Anglo-Saxon qualities, is no injury to a writer.

I continue to speak of him in the masculine gender because my first impression on reading him was that I had to do with a man. The calm lucidity of thought and style, the brief, alert manner, the sharp, practical sense, the interest shown in things not connected with love,—although love is not absent from his tales, but subordinated, as in life, to so many other things, taken at a gallop very often,—all these things prevented me from suspecting that the writer was a woman. And what knowledge of financial affairs, of the inside of politics, what horror of sentimentality, even in its philanthropic form, what energy in pointing out the dangers that lurk under the fine phrases and seductive Utopias of socialism, what clear good sense! And not the least hint of woman's rights! No, this could only be a young man of joyous temperament, armed to the teeth against all the infatuations and poses which are too often the appanage of the fair sex in America. I learned the truth with astonishment; Octave Thanet was the pseudonym of Miss Alice French, who lives during a portion of the year at Davenport (Iowa), and

spends her winters on a plantation at Clover Bend (Arkansas).

She describes faithfully the life around her. This "Western Town" is Davenport; the "Trans-Mississippi Stories" all belong to the region about Clover Bend. They are excellent; for example, "Otto the Knight," the story of a precocious anarchist of German origin, a street boy brought up among the Knights of Labor, who makes practical application of the theories in which he has been cradled, in an attempt to blow up the new mill of the plantation where he has never received anything but kindness. He fails in his criminal attempt, and that is at bottom a great comfort to him; but the master carpenter, Dake, who carries away the bomb at the risk of his life, is grievously wounded. A brave man, this Dake, whose history is common enough in America; that of a young artisan coming from England to seek his fortune in the New World, and falling in love as soon as he lands with a pretty but ambitious and vulgar Yankee girl, who has come in contact with just enough superficial and injurious instruction at the school called a "high-school" to make her despise a husband whose moral aspirations she is incapable of comprehending. A divorce follows. The victim first of his wife, Dake is later that of the trades-union. The secret society, from which he has withdrawn after joining it, does not pardon his defection; it pursues him with vengeance of so many different kinds that the crime at the end may be imputed to it with every appearance of probability; and it is the opinion of the author, given through the medium of all the sensible personages of the story, that the society of Knights of Labor, like many others of the same sort, has done so much evil that we may without scruple place one more crime to its account. A reactionary after her own fashion, Octave Thanet is the firm opponent of strikers, of strikes, and of those labor organizations which seem to her the worst of tyrannies. Why should a good workman remain idle because a dozen wrong-

headed fellows show themselves to be without sense? She enjoys bringing on the scene the honest and just employer who encourages individual effort and lets every one about him have some share in his profits, but if she is listened to she will stop the "elevation of the laboring classes" at that point. The child whom she shows us, almost innocently criminal, perverted by people who are willing to confine themselves to mere talk while he, with his juvenile logic, goes straight to action, is not incorrigible; on the contrary he will be initiated by the very evil that he has committed into the good which no one has taught him. Terror, remorse, the need of confession, take possession of him, awaken his conscience and save him. The very persons whom he has injured take pity on his distress and save him from the pursuit of justice. The anguish of this poor little soul, crushed under the weight of a responsibility which only a criminal of mature years would have the strength to bear, is poignant. Otto the Knight ought to be a useful work apart from any other merit. It may perhaps have arrested more than one workman who was letting himself drift, for its author is popular although she flatters no low passion and even in the use of dialect preserves a moderation, a respect for her pen, which commends her to the fastidious.

Her complete freedom from prejudice and partisanship makes friends for her everywhere. It is true that in "Otto the Knight" Octave Thanet censures the anarchists, even the virtuous and disinterested ones who give all that they earn to their brothers and friends; but how she also denounces in "Trusty No. 49" the prison camps, the frightful convict labor system of Arkansas! The whole system of prisons in this state is a mere matter of extortion; lawyers, commissioners, contractors, keepers, all drive and harass the convict, working him to the utmost limit in order to make him as productive as possible, frequently until death results. The warden, who is often the vilest of men, exercises, in fact, unlimited power,



and the brutality of the subalterns only yields to money. A rich criminal mocks at prison; he gets himself sent to kinsmen, who hire him, according to custom, for work on their plantations, while in reality he goes about on horseback and struts in citizens' clothes. The poor, on the contrary, are handed over as instruments of labor to the first comer, who pays for them and who means to make good his expense. If they succumb, so much the worse! Others will take their places. The miasma of the swamps, the lack of food, the blows of a cowhide, hunger, hideous punishments, all these things are exposed in detail by a jurymen who once endured this *regime*. He bravely tells his own story, which has hitherto been unknown, in order to save from the same torture a murderer who is more interesting than was his dead victim, for in a gambling-house quarrel the robbed gets more sympathy than the robber. "My opinion, sir," said the old convict, now become once more an honorable citizen, "is that, in the present state of convicts in Arkansas, if you don't find the man not guilty you had better find him guilty enough to be hanged!"

A remark of this sort, thrown out at the right moment, may suggest reforms.

Octave Thanet speaks her mind fearlessly; and not the smallest instance of this, whatever may be thought of it outside of the slave territory, is this opinion of the negroes, given in "Sist' Chaney's Black Silk":

"You Northern people all 'lowed the niggers were angels during the War; and ayyer the War, when you came down here and found they weren't, you turn plumb 'round and think they're all trash. Fact is, they're just middling, like the rest of us. But Dosier is the best kind of a colored woman; and when they're good you won't find anybody better."

And Octave Thanet proves it to us by the story of the big bath-woman of Hot Springs, the fashionable watering place of Arkansas. Dosier earns enough by giving massage to the rich ladies to gratify the fancies of her sick sister. Before that

she gave the last cent of her savings to rescue from prison a husband who has since died. Now a paralytic has become, she affirms, her consolation in this world, and she is passionately devoted to the poor Chaney. But the latter, not content with all that is done for her, dreams of the impossible; her fixed idea, as she lies on her bed of suffering, is to possess a black silk dress like the one that Dosier bought for herself on the only occasion when the excellent creature ever thought of herself. Chaney is dying and she regrets life. In vain her sister, a pillar of the church, tries to persuade her that the Lord loves her and that He has His own designs; in vain she tells her of the other world where the elect wear radiant white robes.

"I'd heap ruther have a black silk," repeats Chaney, in open revolt against the Holy Ghost.

Then a brilliant idea occurs to Dosier; she promises the dying woman the "nices' burryin' of ary cullud pusson in Hot Springs."

And she touches the right spring. The negroes have a passion for pompous funerals.

"Br'er Warner shill preach yo' funeral, sister," said Dosier. "You *shill* go ter church oncet mo' lik' you wanted tuh, an' you shill w'ar my bes' under-cloz an'—an' my black silk dress."

"Naw, I cayn't take hit, sist' Doshy; you onlies' good dress, an' you spendin' sech a heap er money on me now. Tuh *burry* dat beaucherful dress! Why, 'twud be plum wicked."

But joy beams in her almost extinguished eyes. She will now be remembered, not merely as a poor negress condemned to lie immovable on her pallet; she will for once have been magnificently arrayed. She dies, reconciled with her lot, hoping that the good Lord will let her come out of Paradise from time to time; then she will come and shake the rose bush at her sister's window.... in her silk dress no doubt. Poor Chaney! What a shame that she could not be present at her fine funeral! Who knows? Perhaps she was!



Octave Thanet's negro stories are not always so touching; far from it. Their habitual characteristic is an inexpressible drollery. In "The Conjured Kitchen," for example, she shows how the evil arts of a sorceress have had such dire effect on a skillful cook, who has never, as she delights in saying, served any but the "quality," that it is impossible for her to succeed in a single dish. The dough will not rise; the bread will not bake; the milk sours; the dish breaks if one merely looks at it; lizards have appeared, those lizards which bring with them every evil: lost crops; burned meats; cattle diseases; quarrels between friends; fights; chimneys on fire;... it sometimes goes as far as death! But the long unsuccessful passion of a young chevalier of blackest hue, hewer of wood and stable boy, for a pretty negress named Ginevra, commonly known as Jenny Ver, is the means of release from the terrible enchantment. After encountering a thousand perils, imaginary perhaps, he delivers the kitchen, and his reward is not long delayed. The belle has acquired a sort of education, having been in service in the neighboring city, and poor Jerry can neither read nor write; moreover he has legs which appear boneless; he contorts and interlaces them to an extent and in a manner dangerous to his equilibrium, at the same time twisting his shoulders and ducking his head facetiously. Jenny Ver has never been able to look at him without giggling, but still giggling she finally permits him to "keep company" with her.

"The First Mayor" is more serious in its tone. We have here the lifelike portrait of a "self-made man," a leader of men by the power of money; and we read the story of his greatness and of his downfall. In the middle of an undeveloped village on the bank of the Mississippi stands a hotel with innumerable windows, and, higher still than the hotel, rise enormous brick buildings, a mill and a storehouse, from the summit of which floats a red flag bearing the name of Atherton. It is the name of the mayor,

the first mayor of the town, always re-elected with enthusiasm during a long series of years; a strong man, but at the same time vulgar; a bold speculator whose fortune, begun in traffic with the Indians, has gone on increasing in colossal affairs of every sort, and whose fists are strong enough to reply to the attacks of certain disagreeable persons who reproach him with having ruined them in order to enrich himself at their expense. Of a warm and generous heart withal, forgetful of injuries, he will throw himself into the water to save an enemy. During a season of cholera his house becomes a hospital; he has cleared the country of the bandits who pillaged it, risking his own person, revolver in hand, and then paying out of his own pocket for jury, executioner and rope. He has founded schools, he whom his first wife, a primary school teacher, taught all that he knows. From time to time he presents the growing city with a park, a cemetery and several public monuments, and he supports all the churches, although he attends none; the newspaper is his. The drafts on Florence which he has issued are payable in gold everywhere, although Florence may perhaps be only a mirage vaguely indicated in Nebraska; even if people believe very little in Florence, they believe in Atherton, who by doubtful means attains admirable ends. Upon the whole all this prosperity has a very fragile foundation. It only needs a financial crisis, a run of bad luck, to cause the fortunes of the town and of the potentate to fall to pieces together. At once the infatuation which he inspired changes to horror and he becomes a scape-goat, charged with the responsibility for everything. The populace, idolatrous yesterday, furious to-day, attack his office ready to stone him. He appears before them, prevents all violence on the part of his last defenders, and under a hail of stones, dirt, rotten eggs and carrion, faces the cries of vengeance and death with an intrepid countenance. Atherton has been the leader, the god of this enraged multitude; he still knows

how to make them listen to him. Incapable of fear, he is only inconsolable at having dragged down in his fall all that was his creation and his pride. As far as he is concerned, he can take care of himself. Apoplexy comes to his help in an unequal struggle; it is like the intervention of a judgment of God, and the name of Atherton, henceforth abhorred, is taken away from the town which he first made great and then ruined.

We know these sudden changes of public opinion. These potentates of trade in the New World suffer the fate of our Kings, and the revolutions have the same causes and pass through the same phases. There, as here, popularity rests neither on real personal merit nor even on services rendered; all depends on success or failure. Cholera, cyclone, scarcity, these are the crimes beyond his own control that decide the fate of a leader when his hour has come.

This story of the vicissitudes of Atherton, man and city, has almost a historical value. It seems as though it must be a man who writes these vigorous pages, just as it seems as if only a mother could display the treasures of tenderness that overflow in "The Mortgage on Jeffy," that new rendering of the problem that Solomon once solved. Octave Thanet, however, is neither the one nor the other any more than she is a Catholic, although she has drawn with a truly orthodox and scrupulously accurate pencil the never-to-be-forgotten figure of that good pastor, so simple and so charitable, Father Quinailon. But she possesses the gift which permits her to be that and many other things besides, to be all at the same time, because, thanks to it, one can comprehend and feel all, the gift—rare in this degree—of a large sympathy.

Perhaps what I have said of her and her work will suffice to explain the desire that I felt to know her better, especially at the time when I was trying to inform myself about the eminent women whom America has produced. In the course of the correspondence that we

entered upon I discovered a new side of her talent, a delicious, sparkling epistolary style, gushing out easily and unaffectedly. Here before my eyes are those charming letters, so lively, so spontaneous, with their free, even handwriting, without sex or perhaps rather virile, now running over a little pale blue sheet, stamped in silver with the name "Clover Bend," now dashed off on the large sheet of commercial appearance, inscribed:

F. W. TUCKER & CO.  
PLANTERS AND PLANTATION SUPPLIES,  
CLOVER BEND, ARKANSAS.

Sometimes, too, in characters printed by the typewriter which she habitually uses in the composition of her romances. The triple personality of Octave Thanet is here,—woman of the world, writer and planter. The last and shortest of these letters said to me:

"I shall meet you at the landing in Memphis. You will recognize me; I shall wear a green cloth gown and shall hold a rose in my hand...."

At the same time she reassured me gaily as to the danger of dying of hunger in the savage country into which I was about to penetrate.

"Ice comes to us by boat every week; meat and groceries by the wholesale from St. Louis. The swamp which you will have to cross, in some places by swimming, is not unhealthy at this season...."

A necessary assurance, for the name of Minturn, which is the telegraph station for Clover Bend, had seemed to me suggestive of unhealthy miasma and I fancied, by a sufficiently natural association of ideas, that the Roman fever must have emigrated to Arkansas. But I believe I should have braved the fever, so great was my desire to penetrate into this New South of which the Old South, where I found myself at the time, certainly had much evil to tell me, since her sons, ruined by the War, had been forced to give place to the Yankees, the destroyers of the old customs. These very criticisms heightened my curiosity. After having enjoyed to the full the native elegance, the grand manners, the quasi-aristocratic traditions of the

Louisianian planters of the Pelican State, I was eager to judge of the work of reconstruction accomplished since the end of the War by the innovators who had come from the North into the more or less devastated solitudes of the Bear State.

The season was not far advanced, but I recalled this tempting description :

"There are few more beautiful sights than an Arkansas forest in late February ; I mean a forest in the river bottoms, where every hollow is a cypress brake. Prickly points of bamboo brier make a kind of green hatching, like shadows in an etching, for a little space above the wet ground between the great trees. Utterly bare are the tree branches, save for a few rusty shreds clinging to the cypress tops, a few bunches of mistletoe on the sycamores, or a gleam of holly leaves in the thicket ; but scarlet berries flicker on purple limbs, the cane grows a fresher green and in February red shoots will be decking the maple twigs ; there will be ribbons of weeds which glitter like jewels floating under the pools of water and ferns waving above, while the moss paints the silvery bark of sycamores, white oaks and gum trees on the north side as high as the branches, and higher, with an incomparable soft and vivid green. The white trunks show the brighter for their gray tops and for that background everywhere of innumerable shades of gray and purple and shell red, which the blurred lines of twigs and branches make against the horizon. Such a forest is in my mind now. What an effect of fantastic and dainty magnificence the moss and the water and the shining trees produce ! The dead trunks are dazzling white, the others have the lustrous haze of silver ; it is not a real forest, it is a picture in an old missal, illuminated in silver and green. Yet beautiful as it is, there is something weird and dreary in its beauty—in those shadowy pools of water, masked by the tangle of brier and cane ; in those tall trees that grow so thickly, and grow, I know, just as thickly for uncounted miles ;

in the shadows and mists which are instead of foliage ; in the red streaks on the blunt edges of the cypress roots and the stains on the girdled gum trees, as if every blow of the axe had drawn blood—there is a touch of the sinister, even, and it would not be hard to conjure up a mediæval devil or two behind such monstrous growths as those cypress "knees." Through this forest winds a rude road, winding because of the river, for these red smears to the right are willow branches which mark the course of the Black River."

But the Black River licks and scoops until it forms a bay, where the luxuriant growth of wild white clover has given its name to Clover Bend, and it was to Clover Bend that I was invited in so pressing a fashion. A fixed idea took possession of me ; to go to this place and look upon sights so different from European sights ; to see the magical awakening of an unknown spring, the opening of the white and yellow lilies in those brakes where the black water mirrors the cypress, whose "short limbs above the high trunk make the tree seem more like a gigantic plant than a tree" ; to see the frightful knees themselves, those pointed knees which bristle in the swamp and which, "painted by this magical brush of spring a dull pink, with the texture and gloss of satin, show like fairy tents among the lilies" ; to learn what those shrubs could be whose names I heard for the first time, the dogwood, the redbud, the buckeye, the sassafras ; to make acquaintance, in short, with this strange nature, where nothing, not a bird, not a blade of grass resembles our own. Thanks to the brush of that master painter, Octave Thanet, I had already met it all in "Knitters in the Sun," and in "Expiation," the only long romance which she has produced, a dramatic romance, in which are recounted the bloody feats and the final destruction of the Graybacks, those guerrillas who were the scourge of Arkansas in the time directly after the War.

I embarked on one of the superb steamers which ascend the Mississippi, and after

a four days' journey, which I have related elsewhere, reached Memphis, where I found awaiting me the green gown and the yellow rose, both worn by a blonde young woman who was accompanied by a brunette; they were the two ladies of Clover Bend, escorted by their associate, Colonel Tucker; "F.W. Tucker and Co." And I do not believe that any people, meeting for the first time, ever experienced such a lively impression of being old friends.

We tarried very briefly in Memphis, the roads which we were to traverse in a carriage not being of the kind on which one likes to start at night. I remember that my first surprise on my return to France was the fine condition of the roads and the lack of energy in the faces. Doubtless when I made this reflection my imagination was taking me back to the submerged roads of Arkansas and the resolute face of Colonel Tucker, whose establishment at Clover Bend dates back to heroic times, so to speak.

From Memphis to Portia, however, we traveled by the railway which terminates at Kansas City. In navigating the Mississippi I had grown accustomed to the inundated landscapes, which would lead one to suppose that there had been a recent deluge if one did not know of these yearly spring floods, which, as they retire, leave the rich, alluvial soil more fertile than ever. Along the whole line of the railway there was the same unspeakable sadness; the tall cypresses, which lose their leaves in the winter and are so different from ours, springing out of the water which bathes their roots; miserable cabins raised up on stilts, boards thrown everywhere to serve as bridges and facilitate communication, which must be difficult. All of this dries up in summer, the rivers and bayous disengage themselves from this sheet of water which binds them together and confuses them one with another, and the details of the landscape, absolutely drowned to-day, become distinct. It is already easy to recognize the splendor of the vegetation, which resists the abuse not only of the

axe, but of the torch. Usually the woodcutters, in order to get on with their work more quickly, confine themselves to making a deep gash around the foot of the tree, and then let the tortured thing die of exhaustion; when that does not work rapidly enough they have recourse to fire. They almost never remove the stumps, which, blackened and mutilated, show themselves above the stagnant water, giving one the lugubrious idea of a recent massacre,—a sort of vegetable charnel house.

All along the St. Francis River a great lumber trade is carried on. Portable houses are transported from one place to another, to remain during the duration of a clearing, when they are carried away and set down elsewhere. It is like breaking camp whenever the victory of man over Nature is accomplished. But Nature defends herself on the banks of the St. Francis River, for the bears, hunted and almost exterminated elsewhere, still frequent these regions.

At the little station of Portia we find awaiting us an uncovered wagon, swung high on its wheels and nevertheless covered with mud far above the axles. One cannot have a clean carriage on such roads. The ground is muddy and without a stone, interspersed with deep pools of water, into which the patient and hardy horses of the country plunge up to their breasts. More than once, in crossing this species of ford, we are splashed from head to foot, but the Colonel drives with a firm hand and we go like the wind past woods and cotton plantations and pastures filled with cows and horses. Far apart along the roadside rise scattered houses typical of the South, made of boards, with a pent-house built out over the gallery below, which is divided by a transverse gallery. The current of air thus caused is for the sake of coolness in summer. If the cabin has a little belfry, you may be sure that it is a church whose congregation is too poor and scanty to be able to support a pastor; but there is the circuit preacher, the itinerant who, in the course of his laborious round, comes at

intervals to preach the Gospel. The rest of the time the faithful assemble, believing in the word of the Lord, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

"It is the same at Clover Bend," Octave Thanet explained to me. "The whites among our tenants are all Methodists. They have a little school where my friend often goes to teach, and it is in the school-house that service is held. The negroes are Baptists. In the spring we have a great many baptisms in the Black River. If the weather permits, you will see some of them, but we cannot expose these poor people to pneumonia! What would amuse you most would be a wedding. The negro marriage is celebrated at home by one of their ministers. He stands up, with his hands in his pockets, and tells them that the estate into which they are

about to enter is a good estate, honored in Heaven and upon earth. The modest bride has not asked herself whether she has a right to put on a white dress and to fasten about her head the virginal blue and silver ribbon. I will tell you of the last wedding which we attended. The bridegroom wore a coat which some one had given him, and which was much too short-waisted for him, and a pair of riding gloves with worn-out fingers, another present. The couple seated themselves on two chairs in the front room of the house; the principal guests were given seats on the beds, and the rest stood up, and then they proceeded with the ceremony. Afterwards, everyone went into the next room to eat the traditional turkey and the sweets. The really pious negroes do not dance on these occasions, although they may have already had a number of children of diverse parentage."

*(To be concluded in the August Midland.)*



## THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH IN THE WEST.\*

MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. XXIII.

BY MAJOR GEO. H. SMITH,

Organizer of the Military Telegraph Corps, Department of the Mississippi.

THE Fifth Iowa Cavalry was detailed to guard telegraph lines and protect building parties, and was distributed over the various lines in the department, one battalion, under Major A. B. Brackett, accompanying my party to Corinth and performing escort duty in that vicinity.

After the evacuation of Corinth by General Beauregard—which point was the crossing of the Mobile & Ohio and the Memphis & Charleston Railroads—the wires on each road were rebuilt as far as the Union lines extended, our crippled engine doing good service in this work. The territory to the north and west of Corinth to the Mississippi River was still in possession of the Confederates.

Memphis was about to be attacked by gunboats sent down the river, and in anticipation of its capture telegraph builders were in readiness to follow the land forces from Corinth. I ordered a party from St. Louis to follow the gunboats to Memphis and, as soon as the city should be taken, commence the work of opening telegraph communications. It was important for the work to be pushed to that point and communication established as soon as possible after its capture. The only route open to the Mississippi from Corinth was by the Tennessee and Ohio Rivers.

\*Third paper. First paper, March, 1895; second paper, May, 1895.



The Union forces had taken Columbus, some twenty miles below Cairo, on the river, and also on the railroad running from Corinth to Cairo, and we had also worked north from Corinth some seventy-five miles to Humboldt, leaving about seventy miles of the road between Humboldt and Columbus inside Southern lines.

I determined to make an effort to reach Columbus by running a hand-car over this gap in order to save two or three days' valuable time. Accompanied by Major Brackett and four "husky" repairers to propel the car, we started from Humboldt one Sunday morning, prepared for a hard trip and possible trouble.

Trenton, the first station of consequence, was approached very cautiously, but finding no one in sight, except negroes dressed in their best for Sunday, who flocked to the track to meet us, we entered the telegraph office and depot, procuring from the negroes all possible information concerning the Rebel troops.

We were told there were no large bodies of Confederates near the line of road, but plenty of small guerrilla parties. This encouraged us, for against a small party we had a fighting chance, or, at least, a running chance if our car should find a clear rail.

At Kenton, a small station, we found a number of Confederate army wagons loading supplies from the railroad depot, with a force considerably larger than our own.

After carefully looking over the situation, we decided to put on a bold front and work a "bluff" on them, hoping that by a sudden dash through the place our identity as Unionists might not be discovered. This ruse proved entirely successful, and as we pushed through with all attainable speed, and with as much noise as we could make, a clear track was made for us, and to all intents and purposes we passed as a scouting party of Confederates. The very boldness of the movement disarmed any suspicion—they evidently thinking it impossible that a small party of Unionists would penetrate their lines. Speed proving an essential element to safety, we encouraged

our men to exert themselves. But in this case the increased speed came near ending our trip, for at a sharp curve in the track we struck a tree thrown across the rails, and were hurled promiscuously into the swamp. Almost miraculously, nothing worse resulted than bruises and the loss of our commissary supplies, and we were soon *en route* again, sore but sanguine—if not sanguinary.

A few miles farther on we halted to interview an intelligent-looking negro who had been attending a camp-meeting in the woods, and who informed us that we were in the immediate vicinity of a guerrilla party moving in the same direction as we were going, and who were to camp that night near a saw-mill ten or twelve miles ahead and close to the railroad. He explained that the wagon road on which the guerrillas were moving ran parallel to the railroad, but at some distance from it, and advised us to move with great caution, keeping a sharp lookout for a surprise. We therefore moved very carefully, and night came on before we reached the saw-mill referred to—nearing which we set our hand-car off in the brush and crept cautiously up to and underneath the mill, from which point we hoped to discover and evade the guerrillas. The residence of the mill owner was some fifty rods back of the mill, and we learned later that the guerrillas were there at that time and remained during the night. Keeping quiet until about two o'clock, we crept out, replaced our car without noise and, moving almost breathlessly until beyond hearing distance of the mill, we then resumed our course as rapidly as darkness would justify.

At the first signs of dawn we were suddenly halted and brought to bay by a party we took for guerrillas, but which proved to be a portion of "Jennison's (Kansas) Jayhawkers" out on a scout from the front at Columbus. The difference between their errand and ours was, that they came out to find or make trouble—while we were trying to evade it.

We were regaled with a square meal of fried chicken (confiscated of course,—



the Jayhawkers seldom went hungry,) and were given a hearty send-off to Columbus, which point we reached in good time to take a steamer for Memphis, arriving there the day after it had been attacked by gunboats and surrendered to the Union Army.

General Lew Wallace (since diplomat and author) had assumed command and from him we obtained an order to take possession of all telegraph offices and material, which order resulted in the appropriation of some dozen offices about the city, a large quantity of telegraph material and one Rebel operator who had failed to get away, or perhaps did not wish to. By the way, this operator, W. H. Hall, remained with the corps and worked afterwards at Cairo and St. Louis.

As a sequel to this hand-car expedition it may be well to say that on our return to Corinth, shortly afterwards, General Halleck took occasion to advise us to let such trips remain for the soldiers, whose line of duty would warrant it; that, while acknowledging the great service accomplished by the trip, he could not have excused it in the event of its having had an unfavorable termination. This kind of reprimand was equivalent to saying, "Bully boys, you've done well; but don't take any more such risks,—at least don't let me know about them till afterwards."

The working party, rebuilding the line from Corinth to Memphis over the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, was under J. C. Sullivan ("Yankee Sullivan") as chief and Henry Wilson and William Lane foremen of construction. Duncan T. Bacon, who had been used very much as a pioneer in this department, was placed in control of telegraph matters at Memphis. It was shortly after his arrival that he was ordered under arrest by General Hovey for refusing to disclose the contents of telegrams passing between General Halleck and officers west of the Mississippi.

When the officer came to make the arrest, by mistake he took Frank Van

Valkenburg ("Little Van") instead of Bacon. This was no hardship for Van, who would as soon be arrested as not, for all telegraphers knew that an order of release would only be delayed until General Halleck could be heard from.

Right here I wish to speak of the loyalty and good fellowship of the members of the corps, taken as a whole: Van Valkenburg, just mentioned, brimfull of fun, and also full of business, always ready for fight or frolic; Bacon, dignified and sedate, but loyal to the corps to the extent of any risk; genial, jovial Charlie Hammann, too good hearted; Hewitt, official and cranky; Charlie Waterhouse, quiet, and at the same time always in motion; merry Mark Crain; nervy Bing Eckert, able to convince a commanding general that the Telegraph Corps outranked him; dudish Guerin, to whom dust on a uniform was a disgrace, whose cheek and style would secure approval of requisitions when others would apply in vain; Bogardus, now known as "Bogy, the tramp operator," then quiet and religious, surprising as it may seem to those who have only known him in later years,—all these natures so vastly different, were animated by one common interest, that of the Union cause, coupled with loyalty to the corps.

After getting matters in good shape at Memphis, Bacon was relieved by A. S. Hawkins and sent to report to General S. R. Curtis in Southwest Missouri. Hawkins had as operators W. B. Somerville, H. J. Fish and W. D. Hawkins. S. H. Beckwith was detailed as operator at Corinth and O. W. Paxsen sent with General Bissell of the engineer department. At this time General Curtis had marched from Pea Ridge, Missouri, to Batesville, Arkansas, to operate against Little Rock.

A telegraph line was constructed from Pilot Knob through Greenville, Pitman's Ferry and Pochahontas to Batesville, two hundred and one miles, and manned by the following operators: Batesville, Arkansas, Luke O'Reilly and H. B. Kunkle; Pochahontas, J. J. Byne and James L.

Quate ; Pitman's Ferry, Charles S. Payne and George A. Purdy; Greenville, George J. Talmadge and P. B. Frazier, and Pilot Knob, Theo. Holt.

All these offices were constantly beset by guerrillas. Purdy and Quate were captured together with the telegraph property in their charge. General Curtis marched to Helena accompanied by Luke O'Reilly as cipher clerk.

Preparations were made to build lines to Little Rock from Memphis and Helena with submarine cable at Memphis, but for want of protection, lines were only built from Little Rock to Duval's Bluff, Brownsville and Benton. Dwight Byington, assistant manager, was placed in charge at Little Rock ; J. H. Black, chief of builders; George Allen, foreman; operators, Theo. Holt, R. H. Smith, E. J. Waterhouse, George B. Allis. Later Byington was succeeded by Robert C. Clowry at Little Rock, and was sent to take charge at Leavenworth of the Kansas division of the department.

General Schofield succeeded General Curtis in command of the army in Missouri. In August, 1862, an order was issued by the Secretary of War exempting from draft all persons actually employed in constructing or operating military telegraph lines. In spite of this order five men were drafted from the corps in St. Louis.

Of course they were immediately detailed and remained in their places, but the indignity was keenly felt.

In 1864 General Thomas, commanding the Department of the Cumberland, authorized military telegraph employes to wear uniforms. General McPherson, commanding the Department of the Tennessee, did the same.

Those who read my first article will remember that in 1861 the telegraph corps in Missouri wore uniforms, not in consequence of the favor of the commanding officers, but by right of enlistment. The distinguishing insignia was the gilt letters "U. S. M. T." in a wreath on the cap.

In 1864 considerable feeling existed in several of the military telegraph depart-

ments on the subject of rank or status. The superintendent of the Department of the Cumberland wrote his superior as follows (for which I am indebted to Plum's History of the Military Telegraph) :

Our men don't belong to any body when in the field. They have no recognized status, and every officer of whatever grade who happens to command a post where an office is maintained has to be taught that the operator is not a servant, not subject to his (the officer's) orders in regard to his duties. One of my best cipher men attached to a general in eminent command was forbidden by a staff quartermaster to ride in the car with the staff and ordered to ride with the servants. I am not asked to suggest a remedy, but as I am volunteering the complaints I may as well proffer one and that is to give us a *thorough military organization*. Make operators Cadets, First and Second Lieutenants.

The Departments of the Tennessee, Ohio and Potomac each petitioned something similar and the petitions received the endorsement and recommendations of Colonel Stager, Major Eckert and the Assistant Secretary of War, but the Secretary could not be prevailed upon to adopt the suggestion.

Right here note that in 1861, nearly three years previous, in the Department of the Missouri this same difficulty had been foreseen and provided against by having the corps regularly enlisted and mustered into the military service.

That the military organization was the correct method of handling the telegraph service was already demonstrated—not only by the petition above mentioned, but by constant friction between the telegraph corps and army officers and soldiers.

It is proper to state that in the Department of the West no such troubles as are represented by the above complaints, existed. The corps having been once organized felt and asserted its rights and was sustained at every point by the department commanders. From all reports, records and accounts of the various departments that of the Missouri easily maintained a status which other departments had difficulty in securing.

Early in 1864 Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, who had command in Missouri, ordered the telegraph line from St. Louis to Sedalia extended to Kansas City. An extension to Fort Leavenworth was also made *via* Weston, and later, connection *via* St. Joseph gave two routes between St. Louis and Leavenworth.

Lines were also built from Allen on the North Missouri Railroad *via* Glasgow to Boonville, connecting with Syracuse and Tipton.

The department commander also ordered the reconstruction of the line from Pilot Knob to Cape Girardeau and one built from Cape Girardeau to Bloomfield, also the Pilot Knob line extended to Patterson.

January, 1864, Gen. S. R. Curtis wrote me as follows: "I am obliged to you for the early efforts you have manifested to supply my command—I must have telegraphic communication with Fort Blunt (Old Ft. Gibson) and Fort Smith. The Arkansas River must be lined with posts and department commanders must have connection with them everywhere. I hope that you will be prepared to add from two to three hundred miles of line to the Ft. Scott line—as I expect to get the privilege of extending it. I have ordered out a full company in place of a small detail to push the work to Ft. Scott and your superintendent (Byington) is actively and, I think, successfully carrying on the work."

#### AFTER THE WAR—SUPPLEMENTAL INFORMATION.

The members of the Telegraph Corps Department of the Missouri did not go into obscurity after the War. Not a few of them made names and records for themselves that reflect honor on their former departments. Beginning with the list of employees in alphabetical order: \*

\*There are undoubtedly others of the corps that deserve mention, of which the writer regrets having no information.

Duncan T. Bacon, operator and assistant manager, was for a number of years assistant superintendent of the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry., and is now manager of the Car Service Association in Indianapolis.

Lucien J. Barnes, operator and cipher clerk, became a prominent lawyer: settled in Duluth, Minn., where he died some two years ago.

Edgar H. Brown, operator, manager of the St. Louis Telegraph Office for twenty years, and is now manager of the Seattle, Washington, office.

George H. Brown, manager of an insurance company in St. Paul, Minn.

E. B. Brown is superintendent of Fire Department Telegraph in St. Louis, Mo.

Dwight Byington, assistant manager, became city ticket agent at Leavenworth, Kansas, and was very prominent in Masonic circles, and died at Leavenworth in October, 1894.

R. C. Clowry, assistant manager, succeeded Major Geo. H. Smith, upon his resignation, and, remaining in the service, received a brevet commission as lieutenant-colonel, and, continuing after the close of the War with the Western Union, was steadily promoted until he became vice-president and general superintendent of that company, which position he still holds.

Mark D. Crain, operator, has held a good position at St. Louis, Mo., in telegraph service, and is now chief operator for the Western Union Telegraph Company in that city.

D. H. Fitch, operator and electrician for the corps, became assistant superintendent for an Illinois railroad, which position he held for a number of years, when he established and is now conducting an electrical and telephone supply establishment in Cazenovia, N. Y.

C. W. Hammond, operator, is now telegraph superintendent, Missouri Pacific Railway.

Isaac McMichael is superintendent for the Western Union Telegraph Company at Minneapolis, Minn.

Luke O'Reilly, operator and cipher clerk, received a commission in the regular army.

George H. Smith resigned his commission in 1864, remained with the Western Union Telegraph Company at headquarters, New York, and later, entering railroad service, was for nine years general superintendent of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad Company.

Day K. Smith, operator, held prominent positions in railroad business, and at his death, the past season, he was president of the Duluth Transfer & Belt Line Railway.

C. D. Waterhouse, operator, was conductor before the War, and resumed the position afterwards. After running a passenger train as conductor for many years, he retired and assumed charge of the I. C. R. R. ticket office at St. Louis, Mo.

L. C. Weir, operator and cipher clerk, is now president of the Adams Express Company.

W. H. Woodring, operator, is manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company at St. Joseph, Mo.

# The Midland's Fiction Department.

## LA GUIABLESSE.\*

(THE DEVILESS.)

BY GEORGIANA HODGKINS,

Author of "The Tempered Wind," "A Homely Sacrifice" and "An Easter Lily."

### I.

A FIERCE tropical sun slants from the broad east across yellowing cane fields. The blue of the sea that bounds them is too dazzling to look upon. One shuts the eyes after a first vain attempt.

It is not yet six o'clock of the morning, but the bathers are already returning from the black beach. The little town of Grande Anse began its day an hour and a half ago. One must needs rise early to get advantage of this ambitious sun.

The plantations are alive with turbaned workers—men and women in coarse gray clothing and handkerchiefs bright with the plaided creole colors—for they love the gorgeous coloring, these children of the sun—and on their heads the *chapeau Bacoue*, the great hat of Mar-

tinique palm-straw, that shields them from the heat. There is laughing and chattering among the girls in one part of the cane field, as Adou passes near them—pretty Mimi and Dodotte showing white teeth and casting coquettish glances, for in all the plantation there is no one so handsome as Adou, none so brave,—perhaps not in all Grande Anse!

Edoualise, without lifting her eyes, feels her heart leap in her bosom as he passes; and knows that not all her world—not all Martinique itself—holds such another.

Handsome Adou! With the figure of a cast bronze, and eyes whose eloquence needs no words to convey their meaning. His is the keenest glance and surest stroke when the deadly *Fer-de-lance* uncoils and darts a venomous triangular head from his hiding place among the canes; his the most untiring arm in the plantation field; his the strongest shoulders to bear burdens; the readiest hand to help a fellow. It is Adou who is the most skillful of all the agile swimmers in the boiling surf when the lading season comes; whose voice leads the others in the carnival chorus; whose foot is lightest in the dance. Handsome Adou!

Edoualise, a little apart from the others, working silently and rapidly in the cane, feels him pausing near her on his return, and his eyes, swift-glancing underneath her hat, burn till her own, full-lidded—



MISS GEORGIANA HODGKINS, OF DES MOINES.

\*The story, *La Guiblesses*, is founded on a superstition well known in Martinique, by which the natives account for the mysterious disappearance of any of the men from the plantations. It is in brief that a beautiful negress passes at midday through the cane fields smiling at the men and tempting them to follow her. He who follows, never returns. The costumes and local coloring are true to the facts.

AUTHOR.

reluctant—turn and lift for a blinding moment to meet them.

The whispered laughter of the girls behind them is lost in the roar of the surf which makes even the sound of speaking seem distant and indistinct.

It is but a word that passes between them, a word in the musical dialect of the island:— "*Bon jour che*" [good-day, dear]—with the girl's low-voiced reply,—and Adou has passed, carrying with him—Ah! the tell-tale eyes—the secret that she has so long guarded, and he so persistently sought.

Ah! Edoualise, queenly one! Thou hast accomplished, by thy proud silence, all that the others with their magpie chatterings and pretty coquetries have failed to do. Never mind the swift dropping of those heavy lids now. It is too late! Thy secret is no longer thine to hide. It is his! But not unasked. Ay! well mayst thou lift thy head, not unimplored.

Adou, triumphant, works with a will, smiling. Between him and the cane, two proud, reluctant eyes glow and burn strange fire, and are withdrawn; intoxicating, sweet. Unwilling sweetness! A new, delicious, tantalizing drop, to a taste long surfeited with honey!

The sea thunders and heaves—churned white against the unyielding shore—frosting the long, black stretch of sand. It but gives voice to his emotion.

Mont Pelée smiles, sun crowned. The green mornes slipping down toward him from the distant peak gleam with tender shades. The cane fields lie golden beneath the increasing light of morning.

To Adou what is all this rejoicing of nature but the accompanying circumstance to his new discovered joy—the crown and seal to love!

Ah! Little human love,—that dares interpret all nature by thine own light,—what art thou then but a part of the all-encompassing!

## II.

The sunlight slants no longer. It drops like a plummet from mid-heaven, searching and withering. Nothing can hide from its power. The great wind touches

with warm, mesmeric caress the little town of Grande Anse.

The mellow note of the lambi shell calls the plantation workers to their mid-day rest and meal. The girls crowd, still laughing, still with small sign of weariness, into the warm shade, chattering and singing and playing with their food, bandying light jests and shooting coy glances at favored youths. The men, more silent, throw themselves down with unconscious grace, the bright light bringing out all the rich bronze-brown of their smooth skins.

Gay, careless, content! Children of the sun!—But Adou! Where is he?

Edoualise, trembling, fearing to meet his mastering glance, knows with a growing sense of nameless dread that he is not there to give it.

Ten minutes ago a swift side glance had shown him at his work, his strong muscles moving in unison with his sturdy will. She had exulted in his power with a strange, wild sense of possession.

Why does he stay? Why has he not hastened to draw near her? Perhaps the master has sent for him; perhaps he has delayed to finish some work; an errand perhaps;—perhaps—!

Thought of the deadly danger that lurks and threatens among the cane in this land teeming with life, sinister and poisonous, leaps to her brain and will not down.

The moments pass. Slowly, drop by drop, the blood falls from her heart.

She turns a sudden, searching glance among the men. Her sense, keen to his presence, may have failed—he may be there! But the search proves only the truth of her intuitions.

The hour is shortening! There is a louder burst of merriment among the girls. Under cover of the sound she leans swiftly toward the man nearest her—the warm, banana-tinted face, oval and beautiful, bending above him.

"Gabriel!"

Gabriel, sensitive to her every motion, lifts adoring eyes to meet hers. "Adou!" The full lips frame the word tenderly like a prayer. And again—"Adou?"

All the pent agony of the last hour finding voice in the question.

Gabriel, forgetful of self, leaps to his feet—his quick eyes scan the circle—he turns and looks afield shading his eyes with his hands. Is it a shadow that moves with the stirring of the cane at the far end toward the mornes? But the light blinds him; there is a shrinking of the pupil for a scant moment, and when he can see again it is but a shadow!

The men at Gabriel's word swarm out again into the field, heedless of heat and scorching sun.

The girls, hushed with sudden sense of blind terror, huddle together, hiding their eyes, silent, save for a whispered word now and then under cover of the roaring surf. Mimi and Dodotte, with brown arms intertwined, weep silently. Only Edoualise, unmoved, statuesque, stands apart, her eyes following the searchers.

### III.

And Adou?

At the blowing of the lambi shell he lifts himself, the smile of triumphant love still playing about lips and eyes. The warm wind touching his cheek is like the caress of a woman's garment.

There is the sense of a presence near him. He raises his eyes. A woman stands before him,—a stranger,—dark, beautiful beyond his wildest imaginings of woman's possibilities of beauty. Her slumberous eyes filled with a subtle, shifting light are bent upon him with an alluring softness, indescribable, unbelievable. The lips, full and tender, part and curve with a smile at once seductive and commanding. The long robe, clinging and rippling with the movement of the wind, enhances, never hides, the beauty and grace of her proportions. A moment only she pauses, one slender, dark foot advanced, and then proceeds upon her way; the backward beckoning smile of lips and eyes still cast at him over her bare shoulder.

The gods themselves could not resist such beauty!

The waving of her robe is like the weaving of a mystic rite. The spell of

her enchantment is upon him. Edoualise—hope—life itself is forgotten. With outstretched hand and burning eyes he follows the stranger through the cane.

Ah! Adou—Adou! Seest thou not the black robe, the white foulard and kerchief? Heedst thou not the towering height, the more than earthly beauty?

Is it for this that thy human will was given—to be an unresisting sacrifice? Is it to this thy comeliness hath brought thee?

One moment yet. Turn back! There is yet time.

Does nothing whisper to thee her name—*La Guiablesse*—the name of terror?

But still the two move on—on—through the plantation, towards the mornes purple, and green, and blue, and Pelée in the distance, a ghost-peak, gilt with noonday;—the stranger still smiling, tempting, and Adou blindly following.

### IV.

The fruitless search is over. With heavy hearts men and girls return to the labor. A terror is upon them—unspeakable as yet—but felt. It spreads—finds voice—in whispers first, with nods and mysterious looks.

"*La Guiablesse!*" It is uttered. Night swift descending shuts out the last hope of return. Night with no lingering sunset colors, no flare of orange and gold—sudden, black, without promise. The night of Grande Anse.

To Edoualise, turning tearless eyes toward cloud-wrapped Pelée, an emblem of the fate that has descended upon her love.

Unhappy Edoualise, dumb in her sorrow, to whom comes no relief of tears!

The murmur of voices reaches her ears, vainly striving to shut out the sound.

"Only last week from the neighboring plantation a laborer so disappeared."

"Ah! well. But one thing can be believed."

"Only to think," cries Mimi, "and he smiled at us—Dodotte and me—as he passed us, only a little moment before!"

"At noonday, too."

"It is always so—always at noonday."



"Strange that we could not have seen! It was in the very midst of us. Not so?"  
 "A little apart."

Edoualise covers her ears. How they chatter! Her eyes burn fiercely piercing the darkness, but it yields no sign.

Only silence—silence and blackness forevermore.

And to this day the plantation workers at the name—Adou—say only in a low voice, shaking mysterious heads—

"*Y te ka one la Guiablesse.*"



## THE FOOL OF PORT ANDREW.

A SKETCH.

BY RICHARD LLOYD JONES.

JUST below the mouth of the little Blue River, clinging to the foot of a high, naked bluff, stretches along a narrow bench of sandstone—based on rock some forty feet high, which turns aside in a gracefully sweeping curve—the broad current of the Wisconsin. Here is shelved the almost deserted historic trading post of Port Andrew. There is barely room for the buildings which are clustered along the only street, a country road parallel with the river, which branches out at the north end through a break in the bluff, connecting the village with the sparse settlements, east and west.

In the early territorial days the Port was a stopping place for the lumber pilots and raftsmen; but, when railroads invaded the state and robbed the river of its only commercial industry, the Port, like all the old river towns, experienced a shock, then gradually withered and died. That the little hamlet was once a pretentious place is evident to the traveler who strolls down its only street. Close against the abrupt wall of the rocky bluff stand the shattered and time-worn skeletons of what were at one time, no doubt, sumptuous mercantile establishments. Within a broad door, overhung with a sign which reads in bold letters, "WORLD'S EXCHANGE," the spiders have long been busy filling the vacated shelves with delicate fabrics, and the bats are delightfully at home. "THE PORT ANDREW BANK AND EXCHANGE" at one time was used

for a wagon shed, but is now abandoned for even such an unpretentious purpose; while the "GLOBE HOTEL," the most capacious building in the place, is almost buried from view with overgrown ivy and morning-glory. Patches of paint still clinging to the rotten clapboards tell that at one time they were brilliantly white. It was a square, two-story structure of Colonial style; a broad double-decked veranda stretching across its river front leans heavily against the receding wall for support; the cracks in the rotten portico floor are lined with green grass, while the hitching posts and crumbling drinking-troughs are quite hidden from view in a bed of weeds and sand-burs.

A little brook, trailing down a pass among the bluffs, which in the spring is swollen to a mad torrent by melting snows, ripples through a deep ravine that cuts through the shale-rock and limestone and divides the village in twain. Spanning the little cañon is sprung a high arched stone bridge of Celtic style, which is perhaps the most picturesque feature of the old Port.

The sole enterprise that remains of the old river town is found in a little one-story structure which tries to keep up an appearance of thrift by a new coat of paint once a decade. The proprietor, who is both merchant and postmaster, and whose sober duty it is to distribute the tri-weekly mail, which is brought by stage from the nearest railroad station,

and to exchange with the neighboring farmers calicos and XXX coffee for hides and eggs, is a serious little old man who is deeply concerned with governmental affairs and spends what time he can spare from commercial duties in absorbing the contents of the rabidly partisan weekly papers which he takes. Though he and three strong brothers found it necessary to be "home-stays" to a father and mother who at that time were strong and capable themselves, he says he can't forget the late War, and is at a loss to see how his younger brother, who served in the army and has grown to be a man of prominence in a metropolis like Chicago, can go back on "the Grand Old Party," or be interested in "Third Party nonsense!"

The good wife, on the contrary, is a large, warm-hearted, jovial, motherly old lady who, because of her overly-generous and kind hospitality, is always lovingly referred to as "Aunt Em" by the young huntsmen who frequent the vicinity in search of wood-cock; and they are never anything but "my boys" to her. To the "drummer" who in consequence of poor sales is persuaded to wander away from the veins of civilization and try his luck at the Port, or to the pleasure-seeker, who for a summer's outing may be found canoeing down the beautiful Wisconsin, landing for a dinner or a night's lodging, Aunt Em always extends a welcome with open arms, and provides them with all the comforts their simple little home can afford. She enjoyed walking into the store on a Sunday, when the farm boys of 'round about were lazily lounging on soap boxes and cracker barrels, and remarking that she guessed she knew some girls that were going to get some "motto lozenges" pretty soon, or, turning to one in particular, might ask if he knew anybody that was out on the river last Tuesday night trying to teach a young lady how to row; whereat all would laugh at the expense of the victim, while the dear old lady, picking up a child that had been allowed to ride into the village with its father, would proffer it a handful of highly colored stick candy, and plant on

the delicate little cheek a great, warm, muscular kiss.

Shortly before noon on a bright sunny day near the close of an unusually parched summer season, Aunt Em, leaning on the sill of her kitchen window, looking up the river, saw a little canvas-covered scow trying to make a landing on a shallow, rocky projection. "Shove off and come down here further," cried Aunt Em.

"Hello!" was the response.

"I say shove off and come down here further; there's a good landin' down here."

"All right." And the solitary voyager, the captain, crew and sole occupant of the little craft, proceeded in an awkward manner to navigate according to the dictates of the pilot on shore.

Aunt Em, meantime, had thrown her big sun-bonnet on her head and was on her way down the bank to greet the stranger, who was then safely landed on the smooth, sandy banks of the little eddy.

"Howd' do?" said the tall, slender, somewhat handsome stranger.

"Hello!" responded Aunt Em. "Aren't you lost? What're you doin' along these parts—prospectin' for iron?"

"No, just floating down the river a-fishing."

"Don't you find that kinder dull business?"

"Not so very; aint been at it long enough."

"Well, I suppose you're hungry now; most folks gets hungry when they gets about here," added Aunt Em merrily, starting up the bank. "Where d'you live when you're home? Prairie du Chien? Is that so! Goin' all the way down, eh? Where did you start from—up north somewheres? Well, I don't blame you for wantin' to stay around the river this year. It's been mighty dry and hot. I know lots of folks whose wells have dried clean up that weren't never out of water afore. I reckon," she continued, "times is goin' to be mighty dull around these



AUNT EM.

parts this winter 'cause o' the drought. There aint no crops at all to speak of. I never did see such a year as this'n." And so she went on till they reached the little store. Ushering in the guest, she cried, "Hello, Pa; here's somebody goin' down the river, stopped for dinner. I forgot to ask him his name, but I guess he can tell

you." And she was off through the back way, leaving her husband to sound the political policy of the stranger while she spread the table for dinner.

When the old-fashioned couple and their guest were seated, and Aunt Em was pouring the tea, the sober little postmaster said, "Ma, you remember the old

fort down at the Prairie, don't you? Well, Mr. Clement says he lives right near it, in the house that stands right on the spot where Jeff Davis's house used to be when he was a lieutenant in the army there."

"Is that so?" remarked Aunt Em in amazement. "I didn't know we had such big folks with us." And Mr. Clement found it necessary to cough and avert the irresistible smile.

"Y'p," continued the old man, "he's been campin' up at Devil's Lake with some of his friends, he says, and got as far back as Muscoda when he thought he'd try the river a bit, just for novelty, an' bought that old scow of the bridge-tender up there. Says he left there this mornin', an' is goin' to try to get to Boscobel by night."

"Well, you'll have to do more paddlin' than fishin', I reckon," responded Aunt Em, "'cause there aint much current now, the river's mighty low; lots of her streams aint got any water 'tall. There aint a drop in Blue River any more."

This offered the little husband a splendid opportunity to display his meteorological recollections, and at considerable length he related the many phenomenal records of the barometer and thermometer during his experience at the Port.

The visitor sat studying the old man closely; he wondered if it could be "The Fool." It wouldn't do to go away without seeing him, and he might not show his machine unless he expressed a desire to see it. Before the venerable gentleman had finished, Mr. Clement had his way of inquiry quite clearly mapped out. But, just as he was about to speak, Aunt Em begged him to have another cup of tea, and he quite lost the sentence he had prepared. But it was his opportunity and he must not lose it. "Pardon me," he began, somewhat timidly, "isn't there a sort of a crank—ah—I mean," he added, apologetically, "a—some sort of a mechanic—that is, an inventor, you know?"—

"O, you're thinking of old man Marsh, old John Marsh," said Aunt Em. "O, he's an old fool."

"Yes, I heard he was," said Mr. Clement, with some relief; "sort of gone crazy on a fad, eh?"

"Yes," said the old lady, "he's been gone almost ever since we knowed him, an' we came here just after the War, but of course he's been getting worse all the time. You want to go over an' see him 'fore you go away; everybody goes to see him 'at comes here. He made a big pile of money in the early days here at the Port. They say he was the first man to settle here. You know," she continued, "in the raftin' days they used t' lock here in the sag water on the other side the river, an' old Marsh he put up the first hotel. He put it up over here 'cause this is above high water; the *bottom* on the other side's all covered in the spring. Yes, he owned the whole Port pretty near at one time. Got his money tradin' logs. He run almost as many pilots 'tween here an' the Mississippi as the Kilbourn traders did 'tween here an' the Dells. I tell you he made heaps of money. He was a smart man once. He kept a bank here and just boomed the old Port."

"Well, I al'ays allowed that that was legitimate 'nough," interrupted the husband; "but that aint the worst part of him. When he seed the War was a-comin' he wouldn't sell any more timber, an' he started in buying all kinds of things; filled two of his warehouses chuck full of stuff an' kept them there until the War brought the prices up, an' then he started in a-sellin' and a-makin' big money off on'em. He was a-makin' money off the folks that was a-pinchin', 'cause all of the men folks was away, an' there he was a-stayin' here when there warn't nothing to keep him here 'cept to make money. He didn't have no folks to take care of, the way I did, an' then, 'sides, they wouldn't take me, anyhow; I wanted to go bad enough, but I had a stiff finger an' couldn't 'av pulled the trigger of no gun; but I didn't stay home makin' money off the wimen folks that was a-doin' all they could to help along. That's what he done an' that's what I call downright

wickedness; he's a traitor, he is!" he exclaimed excitedly, bringing down his fist on the table with such force as to rattle all the dishes; "an' he aint got no spirit now," he continued; "you never see him go to vote. If he'd try to retrieve himself by helpin' along by votin' an' supportin' with some of his money the party that he made it all on a-workin' against,—instead of throwin' it all away on such a cranky machine as his'n, I might forgive him; but he wont do it, he's good for nothin' and lots worse. She goes over to see the wimen folks sometimes," he continued, referring to his wife. "Well, she can go if she wants to, an' you can go an' see his infernal old machine an' trinkets if you want to; but I claim his ground aint American ground 'cause he's bought it an' got his deed for it, and he's no American, an' you'll never catch me puttin' my foot inside his gate. I'd be ashamed to do it,"—and pushing his chair from the table he rose and, without another word, withdrew to his store and his papers.

When the eccentric old partisan was gone and the slam of the screen door on the little store vibrated back, Aunt Em burst out laughing and said, "Did you ever see the beat of that? But my, that aint nothing to what he is sometimes. You ought'er see him when some'n rubs him the wrong way and gets the best of him. My! that just puts him in the most tantalizin', contrary sort o' spirit for more'n a week. An' then when 'lections don't go to suit him he gets moody and sulks off by himself for more'n two or three days, and I tend store when anyone comes. I tell him he aint a bit better'n old Marsh. He might just as well give up politics altogether an' spen' his time tryin' to make some invention as to keep a-fussin' along the way he does. He don't do himself or anyone else any good, and, as I tell him, I don't see but what his duds wears out just about as fas' when the Republicans is in office as when the Democrats is;—aint that about what you say?" concluded the old lady laughingly. "Well, let's go in the other room, anyway," she added, leaving the table and opening the

door which led into the cozy little parlor, that most of the time was kept darkened to keep the flies out.

From the pictures and decorations it was evident the family was Catholic. In the far corner of the room stood a prettily decorated altar. On the closed melodion were other bits of Catholic bric-a-brac, arranged between two vases containing a profusion of paper flowers in brilliant red and yellow. Behind the open soapstone stove lay a somewhat artistic heap of "specimens," consisting of pretty stones and sea-shells. On the wall were framed highly colored biblical lithographs, needlework mottoes, and a few poorly enlarged bromide photographs of family faces. To these the good hostess pointed with all the pride of a devoted mother.

"This is jimmy," she said, pointing to the strong masculine face framed in an elaborately carved piece of gilded wood which hung over the little side table, on which rested the family Bible and a small marble statuette of the Crucifix. "He's twenty-eight years old now. He married Ed Skinner's oldest girl up here at Otter Creek. He's workin' out in Nebraska now; one of the bosses in the freight office at Hastings, and is doin' splendid. An' this here's 'Stub'," she continued passing to the next like a guide in an Art Gallery. "His name aint 'Stub'; his name's Rowland. He's named after my brother 'at was in the army and got killed. I've heard Captain Dillion say lots of times before he died that there wasn't a better boy in the whole battery 'an Rowland. He went clean through the whole War and never got hurt to amount to anything, an' when the War was all over an' he was a-comin' home he got knocked off a freight car a-goin' under a bridge an' was killed! It al'ays seemed kinder more sad to us havin' him killed that way when there warn't no use in it, so when 'Stub' was born Pa he said he thought we oughter name him after him, jus' 'cause he come so near comin' back and never did. But we never called him by his right name. Never did and don't yet. It's more natural jus' to call him 'Stub', so we al'ays

do it an' I s'pose we al'ays will. I wish you could have seen him when he was jus' a little bit of a fellow, bless his heart! He was the dearest little chub you ever seen,—fat as butter an' al'ays wantin' to help me around the kitchen. I give him a little tin pail once an' he al'ays went down to the well to get water for me every mornin', an' when he'd be comin' up he'd fall down most every step he took, but he'd pick himself up an' say in his sweet little way, 'Oh my!' I uster stand out on the stoop back of the kitchen an' just holler, laughin' at the dear, sweet little thing. When he'd got up to the kitchen with scarce enough water to cover the bottom of the little pail, he'd hand it to me and say, 'I dess I spill some.'—But those days are gone now, dear little 'Stub', she said with a long breath. "He don't bring water up no more; he owns a farm out in Dakota now an' has been doin' fine. I wonder if he r'members the times he used to hang on my apron when I was a-makin' bread and beg for 'tooty, mamma, tooty'; of course he didn't know that the sugar was left out and I wasn't a-makin' cookies. He's a-comin' home this winter for a visit, he an' Nellie an' the two babies. My!—Wont we be glad to see 'em!" she said, drying the tears that would come in spite of all, while her eyes rested with admiration on the manly face that was so soon to be in the old home again.

In this way she went on telling how Nora, her only daughter, had married the keeper of the little hotel at Wauzeka, twenty-five miles below the Port, near the mouth of the Little Kickapoo, and that it was only two weeks since she had left from a short visit home. And Ivan, youngest and yet unmarried, was interested in cheese factories and already held the controlling interest in two in Sauk County. She never tired talking of her children, but the afternoon was short and Mr. Clement was anxious to visit the Marsh machine. Starting for her bonnet she said, "Wait a minute an' I'll go with you."

As they walked down the hot, dusty

road, pointing out one building after another, she related much of the history of the old Port. Pointing to a tall, slender structure at the turn of the road which bore resemblance to an enclosed wind-mill shaft, she said: "That's the tower. He's got a big water-tank up there, an' a big wheel underneath. The water turns the wheel and that runs the thing some-way, an' then he's got a lot of weights out in the yard that keeps it a-goin'. I went in one day when he set it off an' it seemed as if the whole back yard was a-goin'. I declare I thought the thing never would stop! I don't suppose it amounts to nothin', but he's got it down pretty fine, anyway."

"Do you suppose he ever will get it?" inquired Mr. Clement.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied. "No,—I don't suppose he will. I don't think anybody ever will get it. I don't believe there is any such thing."

"There's been lots of men working on it at different times," said Mr. Clement.

"Yes," responded Aunt Em, "but what have they done? They've spent all their money on it an' made 'emselves poor and gone crazy, an' then never got anything,—an' that's jus' what old Marsh has done."

"Well, every man goes at it a different way," added Mr. Clement, "and perhaps some day some man will find it. Most big things are found all of a sudden and more by accident than any other way, so you can't tell. Some poor fellow may run on it at the last moment, and nobody knows but what this man right here may get it after all, and the name of John Marsh will go down to posterity along with the other big inventors."

"I hope it will," Aunt Em said hopefully; "he's promised to make us all rich when it's done. But then I don't count on it much, 'cause I look on it as a kind of fever, jes' like mining. There's a kind o' fascination about it 'at keeps a fellow at it an' he stays at it till he dies. Sometimes someone'll make a strike an' that encourages the rest of 'em; but most of 'em never get nothing, an' die as poor as mice."



They had reached the little picket fence with its peculiarly constructed gate, which responded with great promptness to Aunt Em's jerk of the out-hanging wire. The door-yard of the little cottage with sunken roof was profuse with flowers, arranged in small circular beds or lined along the narrow stone walk, potted in tin cans and broken fruit jars. The azalea and lilac bushes were arched with rare floricultural skill over the little rustic settee beneath the little window which lighted the general living room. Wuc, the shaggy old spaniel, announced the approach of the visitors with a prolonged growling bark. The door was opened, a tall, slender girl of twenty stood in the open way and greeted the kind, motherly neighbor affectionately and accepted the introduction to the metropolitan stranger with timid blushes.

The room was plain and severe. In the far corner was an old-fashioned curtain bed, spread with a checkered quilt composed of bits of calicos that no doubt had been in saving a long time previous to its making. On the square pine table, which stood in the center of the room, were a handful of knives and forks which were being scoured on the brick. A glass of sweet peas and heliotrope which rested on the window-sill lent fragrance to the room, and around the walls were hung the portraits of Washington, Lincoln and Longfellow.

Aunt Em announced to the worn old lady she addressed as Mrs. Marsh that Mr. Clement had come to see the machine.

"Well, you'll find the old man out in the yard by the tower," she responded indifferently. "You'll find him a-tinkerin' away or a-doin' somethin'."

"Well, you go right out an' you'll find him," said Aunt Em, as if the duty of cheerful hostess fell on her here as well on the other side of the ravine; "I'll stay and visit while you're gone."

In a loosely constructed shed which bore the appearance of an extempore blacksmith shop, the old "Fool" with his long flowing beard and milky left eye

was busy tinkering at something. As the stranger announced his approach with a forced effort to clear his throat, the venerable old man turned, paused a moment, extended his hand and said, "How do you do, sir?"

"How do you do, Mr. Marsh?" responded the stranger, "I've come to see your machine."

"Is that so? I'm glad you have. I'm always glad to show it to folks, particularly young men. What's your name?—Mr. Clement?—from Prairie du Chien, ha!—well, Mr. Clement, it's a very simple affair an' its pretty near completed now. Got the model almost done to send to the Patent Office at Washin'ton. In about three months I'll have the castin's, and when she's all together I'm goin' to give her a test of thirty days and then I'll send the model in an' it's done."

"I suppose you've heard of these sort of machines afore; you've heard of men that have been a-tryin' to make 'em one way and another; but I've been a studyin' it for more'n thirty-five years and I've found out that they's all wrong in their general principles, an' you can't never do nothin' nor get nothin' without you's got the right principle."

"Now, I aint educated any, never had any education. All the education I ever got I picked up right here on the river,—lived on the river all my life. Was born up near Delton and started in a workin' as a kind of chore boy around the old Dells House up the river above Kilbourn. Then I took to the river an' run the Rapids for a time, an' then I got a steady job a runnin' down and got as fur as here. Tried to break a jam here an' got hurt; that's how I lost them two fingers and my eye. So I's laid off here an' I been here ever since. Got along well with one thing after another an' made qufte a bit of money; 'n when the log trade stopped I sort o' got a-thinkin' about this and a readin' on it, an' so I started in an' 've been at it ever since, an' I've got it, too."

"But what I started to say, was—I don't know whether you know anything about physics or not; I don't pretend to,

but I've al'ays noticed that water in action grows. Now that's the principle I've worked it out on, an' that's the only principle it can be worked on. Now to show you what I mean, you take a river, you know that a river's bigger at its mouth than it is where it rises. Well, now, you say its tributaries make it so. Now I argue that it grows mor'n jes' its tributaries. Take a river like the Nile,—now you know that flows thousands of miles without no tributary; now do you s'pose that don't get no bigger? Course it does. Then take another illustration," he continued without a pause, "take rain,—now rain in the clouds is only vapor; when vapor gets too heavy it falls and its action through the air makes it into rain, an' the time it gets down to the ground there's no end to it sometimes. Common sense would tell a man that no such amount of water could rest up in the air; so water grows, my friend,—d'ye see?—water grows!"

Whether Mr. Clement was not prepared to contradict such peculiar notions, or whether he was won by the man's inventive genius, is not known, but he nodded assent while the old man continued to explain how the fall of the water from the tank overhead into the cups, belted to the wheel, kept it in motion, and, as the water was promptly siphoned back, the tank never needed refilling. The great wheel acted as a governor to the complicated mechanism which covered a goodly share of the surrounding yard.

"I'm sorry," said the Fool in an apologetic manner, "that the tank is empty at present, but I wish to demonstrate that gravity runs the whole thing and that water power is only used to overcome friction and govern the motion."

He then proceeded in a long and elaborate manner to explain how this weight of five hundred pounds offset the five hundred pounds on the other end of the lever, and how the swing of a long suspended pendulum was modulated by the stroke of a horizontal bar beneath it. All of which was pure mystery to the spectator, for he was a man of little mechan-

ical instinct, though courtesy always prompted him to say, "I see."

"Now, Mr. Clement," said the old man with a broad gesture, "you see the wood construction is very crude, and you must admit that anything in its crudity offers more friction and resistance than when all the parts are snug fits and polished; so when I have the castings and steel plates all substituted for this patched up affair you can easily see how perfect a machine it will be. Now, Mr. Clement, take hold of this lever and pull it towards you," he continued, offering him the handle on which his hand had been resting. The old man smiled and said, "It didn't take much muscle, did it? Well, now take out your watch, pull it again and let it go. It will run just seven minutes."

Mr. Clement did as he was asked. The pendulum began to vibrate, the horizontal bars began their uniform stroke, the levers were all moving, some with great rapidity and some more deliberately, and weights were rising and falling all about. At first he was dazed; then he thought of Aunt Em's words—"It seemed as if the whole back yard was a-goin'." Then he smiled and looked at the Fool whose eyes were beaming with satisfaction and delight. When the great pendulum grew unwilling to swing and the stone weights refused to rise, he looked at his watch,—it was just seven minutes.

"Now," said the old man, "you see how little friction there is to the thing; you can imagine how she'll run when I get the castin's and the water-wheels a-goin'. Why, if you don't put on brakes she'll run herself to pieces! Its gravity 'at does it, sir; its gravity 'at does it; an' there she is, there you've got her, simple as a trigger, but there 'tis,—Perpetual Motion!"

For a time there was perfect silence, then Mr. Clement tried to express his sincere appreciation of the kindness Mr. Marsh had shown him and offer his congratulations on the success of his long labor.

"Well," said Mr. Marsh, "you come around here in a few months and you'll see it work to your heart's content. I'll have the castin's then and it 'ill all be in runnin' order. How long you goin' to stop here?"

"Going right on down the river this afternoon."

"Oh, I thought you's a visitin' the other family," responded the old man. Whether it was because he was a fool, or whether it was due to habit or a long cherished contempt, is not known, but he seldom referred to his neighbors as anything but "the other family."

"No," said Mr. Clement, "I'm simply going down the river and stopped off over noon."

"Did you ever hear of me afore you came here?" inquired the old man.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the stranger; "yes, that's why I came this way; I had heard so much about your ideas that I wanted to see them myself."

"Then you've heard me called a Fool, 'the Fool of Port Andrew,'" and the bright expression of joyous pride on the inventor's face faded.

Mr. Clement evasively remarked that if he were the inventor of such a machine he should be proud of such a title, "for," said he, "the promoter of every great advance made in science has, in his day, been called a 'fool.'"

"Yes, young man, you're right," he said, with a shake of his head, his voice rising with excitement. "I don't resent it; it's a compliment, an' the men that use it most are jes' such fellows as that old store-keeper. God knows he's the biggest fool of the two. What has he done for the world, for his country, for even the Port? He's done nothin'. He claims I aint no American citizen 'cause I didn't go to war, but stayed home making money. I don't deny it; but I didn't stay home 'cause I's a coward. I stayed home to make money and I made it. He'd have done the same thing if he could, but he warn't smart enough. I know'd it warn't right, an' know it now, but it warn't no more wrong an' being a

coward. An' what's he done? Nothin'. I've built up the Port an' made it all it ever was, an' spent all my life a workin' on this, an' even if I'd failed I'd a been doin' better'n him. If everybody's like him what'd the world amount to?"

"He says I aint no American citizen," the old man continued, his cheeks almost flushed with temper; "he says I aint no American citizen. Is *he*? He thinks he is, jes' because he has read a lot of old one-sided newspapers and says he always votes a straight ticket. Perhaps he don't remember the time when Jo Beffell got burnt out on the other side of the river here. It was eight years ago an' in the dead of winter an' he brought his wife an' two little girls an' a baby a mile an' a half down the river on the ice, an' *he* wouldn't take 'em in. His wife wanted to bad enough, but he wouldn't have it, an' why?—jes' 'cause Jo was a Confederate soldier; so they came down here an' we kept 'em until spring, an' I gave him money to build on again. He an' his babies were with us over three months, while *he* sat back an' prided himself on bein' an American citizen! That's what he calls patriotism! He thinks he is a pious Christian; well, if that's Christian I ain't no Christian nor don't want to be, but I claim he aint no Christian. An' does he stop to think the South made half that flag as well as the North?"—pointing to a dirty bit of bunting which hung over his workbench. "He'd take that flag and rip off half the stripes an' throw ink on half the stars; that's the kind of an American citizen he is, an' that's what he calls patriotism!"

The old man leaned on the workbench looking off toward the distant Blue Hills, and after a short pause turned and in a low, mild voice said: "My young friend, don't ever go back on your country. I did it once, but I'd never do it again for all the money in the world. But I've worked hard all these years. They call me a fool; they say I've made my family poor jes' 'cause I'm a fool; but my work's about done now. It's the greatest invention the world has ever known. I

aint a goin' to patent it for myself. I'm a goin' to patent it to keep it away from other men. I'm goin' to give it to my country."

After a moment's pause he held out his hand which Mr. Clement took, and said, "You're not a newspaper man, are you?"

"No," said Mr. Clement.

"You aint got nothin' to do with 'em?"

"No."

"Well, good-bye my friend; I'm glad you came; I'm glad to have shown you my machine; but you wont say much about it till the patent's out, will you?"

"Not if you wish it."

"Yes, I wish it; an' if you ever hear anyone say that John Marsh, the 'Fool of Port Andrew,' aint no American citizen, tell them there aint a man in the land 'at loves his country more 'an he does, for he lived for it."

Leaning over the half-built model the long heavy breaths were soon broken to almost childish sobs, and Mr. Clement reluctantly drew away to the little cottage, pausing a moment by the azalea bush to dry his own tears before he entered.

He found the family within more cheerful than when he had left them, for Aunt Em, dear old soul, always brought cheer with her. A few moments later the model little automatic gate was again opened and a trail of light dust followed up the village street.

The heavy morning fog lifting above the water hung low between the abrupt, high, rocky bluffs on either side of the river. The large red sun, just peeping above the horizon far up the river's course, crimsoned the waters of the deep channel between two heavily wooded islands. The sweet chimes of the Swiss cow-bells floated down from the steep, grassy slopes, and the rush and gurgle of the current playing around the lodged dead-wood along the banks, mingled with the echoing blats of awakened sheep—all added to the charm of the early morning! It was floating through fairyland.

A youth, who had caught the early worm and sat on a projecting log with pole in

hand, lifted his small string of fish from out the tall grass and hung it on an overhanging branch as he saw the little canvas covered bark floating like a lazy swan toward him.

"Hello, there—where you goin'?" he cried as the little craft drew near him.

"Going to the mouth," responded the sole occupant, as he backed water to hold his own against the strong current.

"How fur did you come from?"

"Started from Muscoda; left Boscobel this morning. How far do you call it to Woodman?"

"'Bout ten miles."

"That all?" queried the visitor as he grabbed the long branch hanging over the water, toward which he had been ferrying. "I thought it was farther than that. How far do you call it to Wauzeka?"

"We figure it about seventeen miles by road; don't know jest how far 'twould be by the river."

"Well, I guess I can make it by noon all right."

"Yes, you can make it by noon, *easy*," said the boy in a very knowing manner.—

"Say," he continued, "did you come by Port Andrew?"

"Yes; took dinner there yesterday noon."

"Did you see the old Fool?"

"The Fool?" said the stranger, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, the perpetual motion man; didn't you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him; his name is Marsh."

"Well, I didn't know what his name was. I never seen him myself, but Pa has, an' I've heard him talk about him a good deal. Everybody calls him the Fool, around these parts. What do you think of his machine? Think he's got it?"

"Oh, he's got quite a machine there, but I guess he's just a little off in his general principles. He isn't such a fool as most folks think he is, though."

"Pa says he's got a lot of patent gates and rat-traps and sech things that's pretty good, but he aint got no more perpetual motion than nothin'. Pa says he don't think no man'll ever get perpetual motion,

an' I don't neither. I don't think there is any such thing, 'cause I've been thinkin' on it a good deal, an' every scheme I think on runs up agin a snag somewhere."

"No, I don't think he's likely to get it myself," said the stranger.— "How's fishin'— good?"

"Oh, middlin'; they don't seem to be bitin' much this morning. I aint a-goin' to stay long; catch a couple more like that biggest bass an' I'll quit."

"Where do you live?"

"Up here at the ferry. Pa he runs the ferry."

"Well, I must be going along," said the stranger, as he loosed his hold on the branch and swung into the current again. "How far did you say it was to Wauzeka?"

"'Bout seventeen miles by road."

"Is it right on the river?"

"No, 'bout half a mile up the Kickapoo."

"Up the what?"

"The Kickapoo."

When the little model was completed, and what had been the life work of the Fool was about at a close, in the feverish excitement and mental strain that followed long and unavailing waiting for the castings which, whether really overdue from some metropolitan foundry, or only overdue in the unsettled mind of the inventor, his pale, wrinkled face day by day grew whiter, and he rapidly began to decline, and when the severe winds of winter had fairly set in, and the river began to crust with ice, he took to his bed.

One night, Christmas week, when all was merry over at Aunt Em's, and the little postmaster sat discussing the possibilities and probabilities of the next presidential campaign with his son from far away Dakota, Aunt Em was romping around with the children dressed in their little night-clothes, before going to bed, while the young mother sat rocking before the great open fire, singing a sweet lullaby to the sleeping babe at her breast, the outside door suddenly opened, a gust

of wind and snow came sweeping in, and with it a little girl who was at once recognized as Jo Beffel's youngest child, then helping at the Marsh's.

"Hello, Annie," said Aunt Em, cheerily; "come up to the fire and get warm!" Between the panting breaths the child gasped, "Mr. Marsh is dying." The cracking of the pine sticks in the open grate was all that broke the silence that followed till Aunt Em opened the door to her bed-room. Throwing her shawl over her head and pinning it snugly around her shoulders, she said to her son, who was then putting on his coat, "You needn't go, Stub; you can't do anything. Annie and I'll go back; you stay with Nellie an' the babies."

"I'll go as far as the gate, and make the way through the drifts," he said, reaching for his hat and mittens. Aunt Em stopped to kiss Nellie and the little ones and, taking Annie by the hand, said, "Come," the door opened, and they were lost in the raging storm.

When they reached the little cottage, Carry met them at the door, and for the first time "gave way" and fell on Aunt Em's warm, loving bosom, sobbing bitterly. The dear old lady could not speak, but tried to comfort the poor girl by patting her lightly on the back and kissing the tear-stained cheeks, while little Annie hung lovingly to the long folds of her skirt, whispering, "Don't cry, Carry, don't cry." Before the little cook-stove sat Mrs Marsh, looking through the flickering fire, back on bygone years.

When the thin face on the pillow opened its eyes from a peaceful nap and saw a sweet face bending over, it smiled and the familiar voice whispered, "Carry!"

"What, father?"

"Carry, I've always loved you. Loved you an' your mother more'n either of you ever knew. But I aint been like most men. You mustn't blame me, Carry! I've done that"—pointing to the model resting on the stand near his pillow, at the base of which was engraved, "John Marsh, Inventor." "I've done that, Carry, an' when the castin's come Walter can

put 'em together ; they're all numbered ; and when that's done I want you to send that to Washington. You can do it, Carry. I sent you to stay with your Aunt in Baraboo jes' so's you could get good schoolin' and could do such things. But I aint left you poor, Carry. Folks has all along been a-sayin' I spent all my money on it, but I aint, Carry. I've left you lots of money. Your mother knows all about it. I told her this afternoon. An' I want you to marry Walter, Carry ; there aint a better boy nowheres 'an him. He loves you an' wants you, an' is waiting for you, Carry ! He told me all about it last summer, an' what you said to him ! It's all right, Carry, it's all right ; only take care of your mother, Carry. She loves you, an' she aint a-goin' to last long. An', Carry, when you've got a home an' little ones an' all that, tell 'em how their grandfather died, an' that there warn't no man ever lived that loved his country more'n he did, an' 'at his last wishes was 'at they'd learn to love it, too."

For a moment he paused, then placing his slender hand in hers, said, "Carry" — and the tearful face bent over his and their lips met in a long, lasting kiss.

"Mrs. Marsh," whispered Aunt Em, placing her hand on the frail figure before the fire, "don't you want to go over?" For the first time Mrs. Marsh lifted her eyes. Walking slowly to the bedside, she leaned over the closed lips, kissed

them and said, "John!" — "Dora — Dora, you aint ever regretted what you said when we was married, have you?"

"Oh, John," — she sobbed, and pillowed her head by his.

Little Annie was sitting in the corner, awed with silence and mystery. Mrs. Marsh was again before the fire, in the strong embrace of Aunt Em, when the old man, lifting his head from the pillow, said, "Carry, do you hear that?" Listening for a moment, he continued. "It's a wagon ; you can hear the wheels creak ; it's comin' across the ice. There's a man goin' ahead. Hear him soundin' the ice with his ax?" Lowering his head again, his pale face growing radiant, he said, "The castin's, Carry, the castin's!"

The clock on the shelf seemed to swing its pendulum more slowly, the tea-pot hushed its singing, the lilac and the azalea bushes trailed their slender, frozen fingers over the frosted panes as if wanting to lend a last breath of fragrance, and the fading fire shone through the open damper on the face of Lincoln, draped in stars and stripes. While without the platoon of tall poplars along the river bank swayed in the dying wind. The remote and passionate stars and the round, full moon peeped down between the fleeting clouds, and the soft white velvety snow-flakes still fell, covering all. A fitful benediction, for the Fool of Port Andrew closed his eyes and slept.

[*Fiction Department resumed on page 85.*]

## AT EMERSON'S GRAVE.

THIS crystal granite tells his native beauty,  
Unchiseled by convention's marring tool ;  
So firm stood he within the place of duty,  
In safe obedience unto cosmic rule.

Far north the boulder joined the glacier's flowing,  
To rest by garden bloom and meadow streams ;  
So he came, borne from lands beyond our knowing,  
A changeless rock amidst our changing dreams.

Selden L. Whitcomb.



## Women's Club Department.

### THE LOUISVILLE CONVENTION OF WOMEN.

THE BIENNIAL OF THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

BY MARTHA SCOTT ANDERSON.

ALTHOUGH counting but six years in its short history, the General Federation of Women's Clubs has an interest for American women second to no other association of women. Its amazing growth is evidence of this fact; its record of four hundred and seventy-eight clubs and twenty state federations, numbering nine hundred and forty-seven clubs enrolled, seems almost incredible. It was certainly born in the fullness of time and has developed on the lines of a great need.

The Biennial held in Louisville, Kentucky, May 27, 28 and 29, was the rallying ground of the best thought, the great leaders in club life, the women who are in a position to speak with authority on their chosen themes, and the more numerous and humble women who came to give in a modest way the best bits from their experience and to drink in great draughts of inspiration and suggestive hints from everyone with whom they came in contact. This was just as its founders had intended it should be. The Biennial was designed for a central point at which the purpose and thought of the organization should be concentrated, and its influence should be positively manifested and exerted. The Biennial of '96 engaged the activities of the Federation leaders and the hostess city for a year in preparation, and the six months antecedent to the gathering had been months of preparation in the clubs of the federated body, acquainting the members more fully with all the plans and purposes of the organization, and studying and discussing the business that had been arranged for the convention.

This consideration and anticipation of the meeting was very helpful to the delegates assembled to transact the business

affairs of the Federation, and it was still more beneficial to the stay-at-homes, for it enabled them to follow the proceedings from afar intelligently and with profit. In this connection it may not be amiss to remark that the immediate accounts of the Biennial were not so widespread or comprehensive, except in a few instances, as the stay-at-homes had hoped. This was undoubtedly due to the modest and conservative character of the body, which has not urged its claims upon the press, although recognizing its influence and gladly availing itself of its services when offered. However, sooner or later, the reports of the Biennial will reach all the Federation sisters, and through the local reports of delegates and the later comments the general public will gain some idea of the delightful and valuable character of the meeting.

There was just one serious drawback in all the arrangements, and that was the fault of generosity offering more than could be crowded into the allotted time. The committee had meant to give as much as could be put into the three days without being wearisome. In the last two years, however, the volume of business which must come before the whole body has greatly increased, and, although as much of this as is consistent with a democratic body is delegated to committees, still much remained that must be presented to the convention. The most important matter that was considered was the revision of the constitution, the principal changes in which had been made necessary by the rapid rise of the State federations and the threatened conflict of interests between them and the General Federation until their relations were put



MRS. ELLEN MARTIN HENROTIN,  
of Chicago, re-elected President of the General Federation.

on a different basis. The revision committee presented a carefully prepared report, which, it was hoped, would be quite readily adopted, for it was a compromise between the plan which insisted upon recognition of every society simply as an individual club, whether made of a single

organization or two hundred, and regardless of membership and the plan of proportional representation and dues, with the State federation as an intermediary body. The matter had been weighed by the delegates and some had positive ideas on the subject, but wished to hear the



MRS. ALICE IVES BREED,  
of Lynn, Mass., Chairman of the Massachusetts Committee  
on Correspondence, and elected Vice-President  
of the General Federation.

other side and be both fair and generous in their action. A larger number were not fully decided, although leaning to one side or the other. This being the case, the delegates wished and took all the time that was unoccupied for the consideration of the matter and arrived at a decision quite as satisfactory as could have been hoped for at this time, for it was recognized by everyone before the convention that the time was not yet ripe to dispose of the matter finally, and it was only a question of choosing the most satisfactory expedient until the tendency toward State federation shall be fully developed and tested.

The report submitted by the committee proposed proportional representation and dues, but the representatives of small clubs were not willing to give up their equal representation, and this was defeated. For the encouragement of the State federations, however, a special clause was inserted giving them five delegates each. Logically the small clubs, insisting

upon equal representation, should have been required to pay equal dues, but many felt they could not do that, and would have felt obliged to choose between the State federation and the General Federation, with the chances strongly in favor of the former in all but a few of the older States.

A way out of this difficulty, which threatened to be the most serious of the convention, was proposed by Miss Margaret Evans of Minnesota, a very clear-headed, practical woman, who is equally interested in the prosperity of both forms of federation and understands fully the difficult position of the smaller and weaker clubs. The substitute, which was adopted after a thorough and exhaustive discussion of the question, was that every individual club belonging to a State federation having less than one hundred members and every State federation having less than one hundred clubs should pay its dues on the basis of \$2.50 for each representative. The other clubs and federations pay five dollars for each delegate. This means that the smaller clubs and State federations have received the most



MRS. SARAH B. COOPER,  
of San Francisco, Treasurer of the General Federation  
of Women's Clubs.

considerate treatment and encouragement and should now be more loyal and enthusiastic than ever.

A considerable part of the pressure of business was relieved by the "leave to print" granted, and, while that was well in this case, there can be no doubt that much of the impressiveness is lost in this way and also opportunities for getting many valuable points. Even though reports and other matters which were disposed of in this way were on hand for immediate distribution, as was the President's Address, few have time to read them during the busy moment of such a gathering, and anything mentioned in them which the reader wished to pursue further must be done by correspondence; and, too, the opportunity is lost of having those helpful and interesting discussions and comments often suggested by the reports. Economy of time is a good thing, as no one knows better than the club woman, but there are other things more important, and I do not think I am mistaken in saying that the sentiment was in favor of giving more time to the convention and



MRS. C. P. BARNES,  
President of the Louisville Woman's Club.



MRS. F. B. SEMPLE,  
The First President of the Louisville Woman's Club.

having as many of the details of the work and reports as are likely to be pleasant and profitable. Too long conventions are a mistake, but a week once in two years will not prove burdensome and will give much greater opportunities. There was very little opportunity in the sessions of the convention for discussion of the detailed work of the clubs, and this was greatly missed by some of the older attendants upon the biennials; and many of the new delegates were somewhat disappointed in this respect.

The plan of having department meetings, three and four simultaneously, was also arranged with the idea of economy of time on the theory that the women were all specialized workers and would want to attend their own department; but it proved that they all wanted to hear everything; and it is small wonder, for the program was a remarkably fine one throughout and the necessity of choosing at such a feast was distracting. Mrs. Helen Campbell's likening of the situation to a three-ring circus was so apt that it was very frequently repeated. The



MISS AGNES REPLIER,  
of Philadelphia.

closing afternoon Miss Janet Richards, of Washington, one of the brightest young women of the Biennial, offered a resolution which was adopted, requesting the next committee of arrangements to so arrange the program that all might attend all the meetings.

These ideas and suggestions which were worked out among the delegates appear somewhat in the nature of a criticism of the committee of '96, but they were not so intended, as was distinctly disclaimed by all in the discussion of Miss Richards' resolution, and this is more apparent when the attitude of the committee is understood. The members regarded their plan as an experiment, although it is quite satisfactorily employed in other bodies. The other special feature of the program, the plan of having a distinguished speaker in each department of the Federation's interests present to deliver timely addresses on topics of especial interest to all the Federation at the large public gatherings in the evening was highly approved. Their mere presence was an inspiration, and inspiration

is after all one of the most valuable things which one gets from large public gatherings. It helps overcome difficulties and clear the way for new undertakings.

The chief figure in all the meetings was the gracious and winning president, Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin of Chicago, who was honored with a reelection by overwhelming numbers. Her address was an expert's handling of the federation question and will be read and pondered by thousands of women all over the country. It is practical, suggestive, and optimistic, and mirrors truthfully the sympathetic and helpful woman who has so endeared herself to the organization which she serves. Mrs. Henrotin felt that the work she had undertaken was not completed, and in a modest, womanly way wished a reelection in order to complete it, and it was gladly given to her by an appreciative constituency. All delegates vied with each other in doing her honor and no one was mentioned publicly in opposition to her. In the Federation the third term idea is so effectually guarded against



MRS. LUCIA JAMES BLOUNT,  
of Washington, member of the Advisory Board of the  
General Federation of Women's Clubs.

that a reelection is perfectly safe, for it establishes no bad precedent.

Of the speakers probably no one attracted more attention or made a deeper impression than the witty essayist of Philadelphia, Miss Agnes Repplier, who made a delightful and interesting address on "Women in Finance," which bristled with sound common sense as well as bright phrases. Miss Repplier is the same fearless, outspoken woman on the platform as in her books, without any of the unpleasantly antagonistic ways of many outspoken women. She is a member of the New Century Club of Philadelphia and devotes a share of her time to social and public duties, writing only in the morning.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's address was a glorification of romance—which, she asserted, was the natural and congenial atmosphere of the American people—and a sweeping denunciation of the so-called realism, insisting that all things are legitimate material for romance that pertain to normal life, but the abnormal and diseased are for pity and compassion, not for stories.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart completed the brilliant trio of well known women writers who added much to the brilliancy of the Biennial by their presence. And there were many other interesting writers, but they were rather specialists than literary women strictly. The press was represented by a number of its brainy and hard-working women and the number of women advancing other lines of work by means of their ability with the pen were many. Among this group should be named Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, of

New York, the distinguished president of the National Council of Women, who was a fraternal delegate. She is a well-known writer for religious and home magazines, largely in the interest of altruistic living, and is fully in sympathy with the purpose and spirit of the Federation. In a little address she paid a charming tribute to Mrs. Jennie Cunningham Croly, who is affectionately known among the women of the Federation as its mother. The convention itself paid her a

delicate tribute in electing her an honorary vice-president, along with Mrs. Julia Ward Howe of Massachusetts and Mrs. Lucinda Stone of Michigan, pioneers of the club movement from which the Federation rose. Mrs. Croly was present and took an active part in the sessions, occupying a seat of honor on the platform.

All the officers were eligible for reelection and this honor was accorded Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, president; Mrs. C. P. Barnes, recording secretary, and Mrs. Philip N. Moore of St. Louis, corre-

sponding secretary. Mrs. Mary E. Mumford, the former vice-president, did not allow her name to be presented, as her duties in the Civic Federation of Philadelphia demand all her time, and Mrs. Alice Ives Breed of Lynn, Massachusetts, was chosen in her stead. Mrs. Mumford presided at several meetings and looked quite equal to receiving into her broad sympathies all the people of Philadelphia in her capacity of city mother, as she was happily classed by some speaker, with Mrs. Martha Fischel, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Lucy Flower, of Chicago. Mrs. Breed is a brilliant and very attractive



MRS. FLORENCE HOWE HALL,  
of Plainfield, N. J., Chairman of the Literary Department.



young woman, who made a deep impression on the delegates—one that suggests the probability of her stepping from her present office into the presidency at the next Biennial. She is typical of the high-bred American woman who graces any position she may be called on to fill, and is able by the versatility of her talents to shine in many fields of work. Mrs. Breed is a woman of great executive ability and tremendous energy, which has made itself felt throughout her State. She is, however, a western woman, from Illinois, and the West can well be proud of her.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, of San Francisco, exchanged her place as treasurer for one on the board of directors, and Miss Annie Law, of Cincinnati, who had been appointed auditor to fill out Mrs. Fannie Purdy Palmer's unexpired term, was elected to that office. Mrs. Cooper is one of the most prominent and interesting women of the Federation. Her work as an educator and philanthropist has given her a national reputation. The kindergarten movement in San Francisco was founded through her efforts, and she still continues in the work, and she has from her childhood been a Bible teacher. Her Bible class is one of the largest and most noted of the country and embraces men and women of all denominations. Her great energy and business-like methods were strikingly shown in everything she said or did at the Biennial.

Colorado, one of the most energetic and strongest of the new Western federations, asked for a representative among the officers, and Mrs. Frank Trumbull, of Denver, a prominent club woman of that

city, was elected treasurer. The newly elected directors, besides Mrs. Cooper, include Miss Clara Conway, of Memphis, whose address on education aroused much interest; Mrs. Esther A. Jobes, of Spokane, Washington; Mrs. G. W. Townsend, of New York, and Mrs. F. M. Ford, of Nebraska. Mrs. Ford's strong and important work in Nebraska was a subject of consideration in a recent number of *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*.

The other interesting, prominent and rising women who were present can be numbered by scores.

The convention passed but few resolutions. The most important resolution was that drafted by Mrs. Robert H. Wiles, of Freeport, Illinois, a member of the Freeport school board, and was presented from the educational department. It recommended as a central point of thought and work for the Federation clubs the study of the science of education and of educational conditions in their respective home cities, with a view of exerting influence unitedly for

the betterment of the State system of education. Systematic education in ethics was also recommended.

Interesting delegations were the Colorado and the Massachusetts women, for both came to present urgent invitations for the next Biennial. The matter, which was not settled, will be entirely a question of locality, as either one would well entertain the Biennial, and there are advantages to be gained from the selection of either place. The board of directors will have a difficult decision to make, but there will be no feeling about it, for each State graciously offered to yield to the other



MISS SOPHIA B. WRIGHT,  
of New Orleans.

if it seemed best, illustrating the delightful spirit which animated the whole convention. Omaha was also a candidate, with geographical strength, being typically western, and yet not so far away as Denver, but the choice seemed to lie between the two former.

The West was ably and fully represented in the convention and the indications are that the rapid development

of the next two years will be in this section of the country. Iowa now has the honor of having the largest State federation and Illinois has the largest number of federated clubs.

The arrangements for the Biennial, for the Woman's Club, were made by Miss Mary Lafon, Mrs. C. F. Allen, Mrs. George



MRS. MARY E. MUMFORD,  
of Philadelphia, Vice-President of the General  
Federation of Women's Clubs.

the careful arrangements for the comfort and care of the thousand guests who were given the freedom of the city. The details of arrangement left nothing to be desired and the receptions were charming and confirmed all that has been said of Southern women as hostesses.

C. Avery, Mrs. Charles Smith, Miss Lucie Norton and Mrs. Charles Pettet. One of the busiest women of all was Mrs. James Leech, the efficient chairman of the credential committee.

To close without a tribute to the hospitality and executive ability of the Louisville and Kentucky women would be ungrateful in one who had enjoyed to the utmost

## WOMEN'S CLUBS IN IDAHO.

BY EUNICE POND ATHEY.

VICTOR HUGO said, "The Nineteenth Century is woman's century." We need only glance at the numberless magazines and other periodicals of the day to see that the grand old poet and philosopher gazed into the future with prophetic vision. The reports of national councils of the women of Great Britain, Canada, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and the United States all testify to the great unity of thought and purpose among women who are banding themselves into a federation of workers to overthrow ignorance and injustice. Seven hundred thousand women are represented in the National Council of Women in the United States alone, and many more belong to local clubs.

Look, if you please, at the intellectual progress of women in so-called heathen

countries. Look, for example, at the work of Ramabai Punditi in India. As we read the oration of Miss Gertrude Simmons, a Sioux Indian girl, who received second honors at the recent oratorical contest at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, we learn of the progress of the Indian women as well as of their white sisters. Consider the advancement women have made in music, art and literature, the colleges and universities that have opened their doors to them, the positions of public honor that have been entrusted to them.

As we learn of the numerous societies of women, outside regular church or club work, banded together for the improvement of their sex; of Sister Rose Gertrude, who went out to the Sandwich Islands to devote herself to the care of



THE PLEIADES' FIRST PLACE OF MEETING.

Home of Mrs. F. B. Gault, President of the Club's Board of Directors, Moscow.

the lepers there; of Miss Kate Marsden, a "King's Daughter," whose exploits among the lepers of Siberia made them feel she was an instrument chosen by God himself; of Clara Barton and Dr. Grace Kimball, the heroines now in Armenia, we feel that not only in literature, science and art have women made progress, but also in that love for humanity which calls for complete renunciation and self-sacrifice.

Idaho's climate is proved by the official reports of leading nations to be among the healthiest in the world; her mountain sides afford innumerable varieties of grasses which sustain her thousands of herds; her many valleys, nestling among the mountain ranges, give a vast area of agricultural lands where the finest of cereals and the most luscious fruits are grown; her mineral fields are among the largest in the world. With all these qualifications she is justly entitled to the appellation, "Gem of the Mountains."

Idaho, like her sister states, has gems among women, and, as her precious minerals are hidden in the depths of her mountains, so the light of many an Idaho woman is hidden, and it requires a more facile pen than mine to give their brightness to the world.

It is interesting to inquire into the history of the various clubs of Idaho and note the progress of the women of that commonwealth. As yet there is no State Federation and there are only four clubs that have federated with the National organization; but the example of Eastern clubs is awakening thought, and, scattered within Idaho's borders, are various organizations for culture and improvement, which no doubt will soon result in a State Federation.

The oldest federated club is the Columbia Club of Boise City, but this organization existed long prior to its federation. Mrs. Alice Straughn, wife of United States Surveyor-General Straughn, having been appointed a commissioner to the World's



MRS. FANNY LYON COBB,  
Secretary Columbia Club, Boise City.

Fair, and desiring to secure a full representation of the industries and interests of the women of the vicinity of the capital city, together with Mrs. T. E. Logan, organized "The Woman's Columbia Club," in May, 1892. The officers elected were Mrs. Louise Eoff, president; Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, the famous artist-author, vice-president; Mrs. Fanny Lyon Cobb, secretary; Mrs. Frances C. Huston, wife of Judge J. W. Huston, treasurer. A series of entertainments were given, the proceeds of which were used for furnishing and maintaining a woman's room in the Idaho Building at the World's Fair.



MRS. MARY E. RIDENBAUGH,  
Vice-President Columbia Club, Boise City.

In November, 1894, the Club reorganized, retaining the old name. The purposes of the new organization were: "To establish and maintain a circulating library and free reading room and to take up any other line of work designed to promote the highest interests of the city." The following ladies were elected to fill the several offices: Mrs. Straughn, president; Mrs. Mary E. Ridenbaugh, vice-president; Mrs. Fanny Lyon Cobb, secretary; Mrs. Maud Moonlight Simons, treasurer. Mrs. Simons was called to a higher life and Mrs. Mary E. Parsons, wife



MRS. ALICE STRAUGHN,  
Founder and present President Columbia Club, Boise City.

of Attorney-General Geo. H. Parsons, was elected to fill the vacancy.

In May, 1894, the Club joined the General Federation. Meetings are held once a month and interesting programs are rendered. Two valuable papers have been sent the Club during the year: an "Anti-Suffrage" letter from Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, and "A Short Story" by Miss A. M. Taylor. The members of the Club have read bright, helpful papers, discussions following the reading of each contribution. "Idaho Geographically and Historically Considered," by Miss Hasbrouck; "Our State Laws Relating to

Women," by Mrs. Harriet B. Johnson; "American Literature," by Miss Buchan, were prepared with much care and thought. The year's program will be completed with the following papers: "Woman as an Organizer and Worker," by Mrs. Straughn, and "Social Life," by Mrs. Cobb.

Columbia Club has seventy-seven members enrolled. It is proud to mention the name of Mary Hallock Foote as one of the charter members and the first vice-president. This gifted woman has



MRS. LOUISE EOFF,  
First President of Columbia Club, Boise City.

bright, cultured woman, one of the Club's most earnest workers, and her associates anticipate great good as the result of their association with the National Federation.

The city furnishes rooms free of charge for the club's circulating library. Entertainments are given once or twice a year, and new books, book-cases and library furniture are purchased with the proceeds.



MRS. ELLA CARTEE REED,  
Chairman of the Library Committee, Columbia Club,  
Boise City.

recently been elected an honorary member.

A peace meeting was recently held in response to a call by Mrs. Henrotin, and able papers were read by Mrs. Stella Balderston, Mrs. Harriet B. Johnson and Mrs. Mary E. Ridenbaugh. To this meeting the ladies of Boise were invited. The large audience was deeply interested.

At a recent session Mrs. Cobb was elected delegate to the Biennial Meeting at Louisville, giving Idaho her first representation in that body. Mrs. Cobb is a



MRS. HARRIET B. JOHNSON,  
Chairman of the Book Committee of Columbia Club,  
Boise City



SARAH COWAN OSTRANDER,  
President of the Pleiades, Moscow.

The club subscribes for twelve periodicals, and has 1,154 bound volumes. The books of the librarian, Mrs. Ella Cartee Reed, show a large list of subscribers, and over a thousand monthly visitors. Much credit is due Mrs. Harriet B. Johnson for her untiring labors in classifying and arranging the library. Mrs. Johnson is a university student, an active worker and able writer. Mrs. Eoff also deserves special mention. As chairman of the



MRS. J. H. FORNEY,  
Chairman Executive Board Ladies' Historical Club, and  
Director of the Pleiades, Moscow.

entertainment committee she has managed so successfully that several hundred dollars have been added to the funds of the Club. She is also an earnest helper in all lines of benevolent work. The inspiration of Mrs. Straughn has proved a blessing to the city, and the end is not yet. There are so many bright, capable women in this Club we do not know where to drop our pen.

In October, 1894, at Wallace, the Cœur d'Alene Treble Clef was organized, but



MRS. CARRIE M. MITCHELL,  
Secretary Ladies' Historical Club, Moscow.

did not join the General Federation until September, 1895. As its name implies, it is strictly musical. Its object is to foster and quicken the interest of its members in the art and science of music, in musical literature and the music of the day, and to place them in a united and helpful relation one to another. The Club meets every alternate Thursday at the homes of the members. The funds received from the monthly dues are expended in the purchase of choral music and music literature. At each meeting six members are expected to furnish a program and upon those who fail to respond in the



preparation of their part without a reasonable excuse a fine is imposed. This Club organized with twenty-four members and has only twenty-six at present, owing to the migratory tendency of residents of mining towns. Several new members have been added to their list, but little more than enough to fill the vacancies caused by the removal of those who have sought homes elsewhere. The officers of the Club are Mrs. M. McKisick, president; Mrs. Minnie Dunlop,



MISS HELEN ADAIR,  
Member Executive Board Ladies' Historical Club, Moscow.

vice-president; Mrs. Mary Reil, secretary; Mrs. Daisie Allen, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Rose Anderson, treasurer; Mrs. Kate Boyd, pianist; Miss Musa Howes, directress. The wife of one of Idaho's prominent lawyers, Mrs. W. W. Woods, was the first president of this Club and is one of its most earnest workers. Isolated as Treble Clef is from grand operas and oratorios, the good work accomplished proves the excellence of unity and systematic club work.

Moscow, the site of the State University of Idaho, has two federated clubs. The first to enter the list was the Pleiades.



MRS. E. T. BARTON,  
Librarian Ladies' Historical Club, Moscow.

This Club was organized during the winter of 1894 and joined the General Federation in December, 1895. There were seven charter members, which suggested the name. At a reception given to the faculty of the University and their families, by President and Mrs. Gault, the thought of this Club originated. The object was social and literary improvement. The



MRS. E. W. MCCURDY,  
President Ladies' Historical Club, Moscow.



GEM OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB, MONTPELIER.

meetings are held in the parlors of the Moscow Club House and the funds received are used for current expenses and the purchasing of books, some of which have been donated to the library of the State University. Several meetings, open to invited guests, have been held with a desire to create an interest in literary work. Mrs. Sarah Cowan Ostrander, wife of one the professors of the Univer-

sity, is president of the Club; Mrs. L. F. Henderson, vice-president; Mrs. J. M. Aldrich, secretary and treasurer.

Daintily gotten up in white and gold, representing the two precious metals of our State, and with suitable quotations for every lesson, is the Year Book of the Ladies' Historical Club of Moscow. In July, 1895, through the untiring efforts of Mrs. C. W. McCurdy, wife of the profes-

son of chemistry in the University, the Club was organized. This Club has thirty working members. The motto, "Progression Brings Happiness," is very appropriate. The Club meets for mutual improvement by systematic study, along historical lines in the main, but supplemented by research work in literature, science and art. The meetings are held at the homes of the members on alternate Saturdays. The Club has recently joined the General Federation. "Believing few are mighty enough to stand alone, and reciprocity should be the key-note of all clubs, each in turn lending a helping hand," this Club has the foundation for a noble work, and, though still in its infancy, has accomplished much good. A fine imposed upon members for being absent has proved a success in securing a full attendance at regular meetings and no matter how severe the weather the presence of every available member is certain. The Club has no library as yet, but the executive committee, with Mrs. Forney, wife of the United States District Attorney, as chairman, is discussing a ways and means bill to present to the Club in behalf of a library. Mrs. C. W. McCurdy is president; Mrs. Helen Sweet, wife of ex-Congressman Willis Sweet, is vice-president, also teacher for the first half of the year; Miss Carrie Mitchell is secretary; Miss Mina Fry, treasurer; Mrs. E. F. Barton, librarian; Mrs. William Kaufmann, musical director and teacher for the second half of the year.

Although Idaho has few clubs that have joined the General Federation, still there are many working in quiet ways for the intellectual improvement of members. Some existed years ago, fought their good fight, won laurels and disbanded. The oldest of these was in Moscow in 1883. The purpose of the club was the establishing of a reading room and library. Funds were raised by giving entertainments of various kinds which were entirely successful, both as regards finances and sociability. Several years passed and many changes came to the few earnest leaders; some moved away

and others could not be found to fill their places; but, before disbanding, this army of faithful women gave about three hundred dollars to the school board with which to purchase books for the public school library. Those books the pupils are enjoying at the present time. This, so far as we can learn, was the oldest organized club in the State, and though several years have elapsed since it existed, yet in many ways the good it accomplished still lives.

The next club in the state was the Elizabethan. Founded in the fall of 1888, at Boise City, with fifteen members, it was the result of a desire on the part of several ladies to review English History. This study was reviewed for one year, after which the study of Magazines, and American and French History was taken up. At the expiration of four years the Club disbanded. Looking over the list of members we find them nearly all enrolled upon the books of the Columbia Club, and they are still aiding in the progress of womankind.

The Fortnightly Club, with thirty members, was formed in Boise in November, 1895, for the purpose of reading, study and mutual improvement. Miss Sherman is president of this Club; Mrs. Kingsley, vice-president, and Miss Redway, secretary and treasurer. Its meetings are held the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. The program for the past year was Current Topics, each member being prepared to describe some event of the past week or month. The membership of this Club is limited to thirty, which never falls below the maximum. The Club is very popular. One of the special features is that each member is required to express her thoughts extemporaneously, this practice tending to promote a natural, easy and graceful mode of delivery which, while it embellishes thought, enchains the attention of the hearer.

At St. Margaret's School, in Boise, the outline of study of the Philomathic Club for the scholastic year of 1895-96 is very interesting and makes one wish one were

at school again. This is an authors' club, and is composed of the pupils of the collegiate department. April 25, 1896, the Club celebrated its fourth anniversary. Over one hundred guests were invited and a very interesting program was given. Miss Buchan, the principal of the school, is highly gifted and a rare teacher. Combining a lovable character with culture and knowledge, she has unusual qualifications to fit these young students for the nobler aims and purposes of life.

Mrs. Heuschkel's more advanced French and German scholars have, for the last ten years, had their regular meetings, which are called "conversations," at the homes of the members, where the conversation is carried on in French or German, respectively. The first and main rule is not to speak English. At various times some of the best scholars have rendered comedies and light operettas in one or the other of the languages.

Mrs. B. F. Hawes presides over a club for the study of American Literature. This Club was organized in Boise in September, 1895, and although young and small in numbers is doing a good work. With Mrs. Hawes, principal of the Whittier School, as presiding officer, the members manifest marked improvement.

Portia, a literary club, was organized in Payette, October, 1895, with fifteen members. The study is at present confined to the poets. Mrs. B. P. Shawhan, the president, is a member of a federated club in the East and, natural ability and experience combined, she is making this Club one of the best educators for women in the State.

"The Gem of the Mountains Club" was organized at Montpelier, in November, 1895, with thirteen members. The object of the organization is literary improvement and social pleasure. Its motto, "Roll, not Drift," is unique. This Club's emblem is a silver pansy. Its president, Mrs. G. W. Robertson, was formerly a resident of Burlington, Iowa. She has rare executive ability and makes a most efficient officer. Mrs. A. Beckman is first and Miss Mary Crowell second

vice-president; Miss Lottie E. Leonard is secretary and Mrs. F. Onan, treasurer. This Club meets Saturday afternoons at the homes of the different members. There are twenty-one at present enrolled. No public work of any kind has yet been undertaken, but the benefit and pleasure derived by the individual members has been inestimable. Part of each afternoon is occupied in reading the work of some standard author. The members present original literary productions, and discuss current topics and public questions. There is a bright future for "Gem of the Mountains," as their prompt attendance and attention to duty prove them to be earnest, energetic, enthusiastic workers.

In Pocatello a club was organized last March. The object of the Club is study for mutual improvement and the advancement of woman's work. There seemed to be a need of united labor for the advancement and education of women in social and literary work, and through the efforts of Mrs. D. W. Standrod, Mrs. W. T. Reeves, Mrs. L. S. Keller, Mrs. A. L. Cook and Miss Sarah T. Van Wormer this club was formed to meet that necessity. Meetings are held every two weeks at the homes of the members. At present American Literature is being reviewed. After the business of each meeting a paper on the life of some American author is read, and another on his works. There are twenty-seven members. Mrs. D. W. Standrod, wife of Judge Standrod, is president; Mrs. J. M. Bennell, vice-president; Mrs. M. M. O'Malley, secretary; Mrs. A. L. Cook, treasurer. This Club so recently organized has a bright and promising outlook. It is well officered, and its plan of work is very helpful.

As we read the names of members of these Idaho clubs, we find students from the halls of Vassar, Oberlin, Ann Arbor, Wellesley and other Eastern colleges and universities; women who have left parents and friends behind and, with their husbands, or alone, have braved the hardships and deprivations of frontier life. There was a purpose in this, as there

is in all things. The West needed them; their less favored sisters needed them; their culture, education and refinement, blended with the courage and fortitude of those women in earlier years who had sought homes in the territory, helped to form the lights and shades of a more perfect civilization. That the acme of perfection in club work has been reached, no member will maintain. The woman's club must carry its intelligence and progressive spirit into the homes of women who are compelled to be bread-winners and toilers in the lowliest walks of life, yet are hungering for more enlightenment.

While all may not be poets, authors or artists, yet we may all paint upon the walls of our homes some promise of the dawn of a new era.

"There is no sound or tint, so small and weak, that it is not needed, to complete the orchestra of nature." So may we not in all modesty suggest in conclusion that, although they are small in numbers, the women's clubs of Idaho not only help swell the grand aggregation of the women's clubs of our country, but also add an individual element to the aggregations which will not be wholly without value to the West.

## CLUB NOTES.

No event pertaining to women's clubs equals in interest the third biennial meeting of the General Federation at Louisville, which occurred May 27, 28, and 29. The meeting was a pronounced success. Between four and five hundred clubs sent delegates, New York being first in number, Illinois second, and Iowa fifth. Minnesota, Missouri, Colorado and Nebraska were also well represented. Twenty state federations were represented, Iowa's being the largest. Iowa club women will be pleased with the reflection of Mrs. Henrotin, whose presence and address at the State Federation meeting last year at Cedar Rapids was such a pleasure and inspiration. Her resumé of the work accomplished was interesting, and her observations were suggestive. The Western States especially are beginning to realize the truth of her statement that club work is almost essential to women of rural communities, where the trivial and the personal is so apt to absorb one's activities. Club work affords a broad basis on which all may stand "to raise the average standard of life, and to broaden the social aims of the community." That the existence of the movement is justified is shown by the rapidity with which organization is extending. With no propaganda, no money consideration, or social or political reward, in the mere desire to improve and the sympathy of a common purpose, it has grown until it has spread over all the land. Soon not a State will remain unorganized, and there will hardly be a town that is not the home of a woman's club. The growth of the federation movement in Iowa was well shown by the interesting report of the president, Mrs. H.

J. Howe, of Marshalltown. The State Federation was organized in 1894, and now numbers one hundred and thirty-one clubs, with an aggregate membership of 3,825. At the first biennial meeting there were ninety-nine clubs represented; the next, which will be held at Dubuque next spring, will probably include representatives from two hundred clubs. Iowa sent twenty-two delegates to the Louisville meeting, including many of the most prominent club women of the State. Club women will be pleased with the reflection of Mrs. James G. Berryhill, of Des Moines, as a member of the board of directors.

The social features of the occasion were marked and exceedingly happy, the ladies of Louisville proving themselves charming entertainers. On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Howe, assisted by the officers of the Iowa State Federation and delegates from Iowa clubs, held a reception in the parlors of the Galt House, which was not only an enjoyable occasion, but brought together the officers of the various State federations, and made them acquainted with one another. Wednesday the reception given by the ladies of Louisville to the Federation was held, and will be long remembered as one of the most brilliant receptions ever given in the South. Thursday afternoon a series of receptions to the delegates and guests by States were given by prominent ladies of the city.

The program included papers and discussions on almost every topic of interest affecting the clubs, many of the most prominent literary women of the country being present and taking part in the deliberations. Mary Hartwell Catherwood,

author of "The Romance of Dollard," and other historical novels of general interest and high character, read a very interesting paper on "Romance." Her characterizations of modern authors were as delightful as they were discriminating and trenchant. Agnes Repplier, the brilliant essayist whose work recalls Whipple and Lowell, presented an essay on "Women in Finance," as wise as it was witty. Ruth McEnery Stuart, the popular author of many of the best short stories of recent magazine literature, read a paper on "Women as Authors." The "high hat" incident, and the question of woman's using her own or her husband's name, seem to have attracted most attention and occasioned much amusement in the newspapers, but many interesting questions were earnestly and ably discussed. The club women, of the West especially, are hoping the next meeting of the General Federation will be held at Omaha or Denver. The contestants are Omaha, Boston, Washington and Denver, and the question will be determined at the November meeting of the executive board.

The general interest in library extension manifested by women's clubs is bearing fruit. The State Federation of Nebraska has instituted a Federation Traveling Library. It is supported by voluntary subscriptions and is receiving generous support. The idea is unique, so far as known, and will doubtless be of great value where the State Traveling Library system cannot be obtained. Club women in Iowa are looking forward with great interest to the putting into operation of the State Traveling Library. The State Librarian is in receipt of many inquiries concerning it, and is making every effort to ascertain the wishes of the clubs regarding the selection of books. The libraries, however, will not be ready for some months, as the law does not go into operation until July 1st, and nothing definite can be done until then.

An interesting report of library work comes from the Ladies' Library Association of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. As far back as 1872 the library was projected. Lectures and entertainments were given for the purpose of raising funds, and the library was formally opened in 1876. It began with \$360 in the treasury, and has now about \$800 at interest, and has acquired nearly six thousand volumes. The

annual expense of maintaining the library is about three hundred dollars, which is derived from the annual fee of one dollar paid by each of the thirty-five members of the association, by the interest on their money, and by the proceeds of entertainments. The service of the librarian is changed each month, and service is voluntary and gratuitous. The library is open three days each week. The books are classified into reference and circulation divisions, the former, with the reading table, being free; but books that are circulated are used by ticket holders, for which a fee is charged, an exception being made in favor of students. The association meets once a month for business, and in connection with it there is a library club of ladies and gentlemen, and a reading circle of ladies.

The Ladies' Reading Circle, of Jefferson, Iowa, this last winter appointed a street and alley committee, to the infinite amusement of the loafers and the gossips. But the enterprising little city is now congratulating itself upon its earnest and practical Woman's Club, for through its efforts more has been accomplished in a few months than had been done in years before. The streets and alleys were systematically cleaned and are kept clean; garbage boxes and barrels are placed in the alleys; the court-yard has been sodded; circular letters in regard to cleanliness and sanitary precautions have been sent to property owners; the grass and weeds are mown on the streets and roads leading to town, and everybody appears to fall into line and lend a hand in furthering the work. Village improvement is receiving much attention at the hands of club women, and such a success as this will be a direct encouragement to further effort.

HARRIET C. TOWNER.

The Woman's Club of Omaha has attained a membership of 552 and a cash balance of over \$2,000.

The New York Federation holds its summer meeting at Saratoga, beginning July 3.

Over a thousand women attended the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Federation.

Wisconsin has nine clubs in the General Federation, and is getting ready for State federation.



## THE YOUNG HOMESTEADERS.

A HISTORY OF THREE YEARS' LIFE IN DAKOTA.

By FRANK W. CALKINS.

### PART III. DROUTH AND FIRE.

NEW NEIGHBORS came the second spring and settled upon all the government lands in Cow Creek Basin. There were only six or seven vacant quarters left within a radius of three and a half miles or thereabouts, putting Tom's claim in the center. Land companies and speculators—"land grabbers," the settlers called them,—had managed to get hold of all the rest, and they were holding for the high prices which the improvements and work of others would, sometime, surely bring.

Two of the new settlers—there were four families and two single men—were men of some means. They built new frame houses and moved their families in. One of these families named Barrington located a mile north of Tom's place and the man and his wife paid the Hewitt cabin a visit shortly after Mrs. Barrington's arrival. The man was a jolly fellow and kept the young people laughing with comical jokes and stories which he told in a bubbling, sputtering fashion, that was vastly funny in itself. He said one of the stories which had brought him from New York to Dakota was of the growth of the pumpkin vines. He had been told the vines grew so fast here they wore the pumpkins out dragging them over the prairie. Taking that to be true, he had at once concluded that by keeping the "runners" chopped off his vines and letting all the growth into the fruit, he could raise pumpkins big enough to cut doors in, and let his cattle inside—a great economy both in food and shelter!

The Barringtons proved to be good and kind neighbors, but the terrible fire of that autumn burned them out and drove them, discouraged, from the country.

That season was the driest and hottest within the recollection of the oldest settlers of that part of the territory. Not a drop of rain fell after the first of June, and in the middle of that month hot winds, that lasted for weeks, began blowing from the southwest.

The wheat was early blighted; the leaves of the young corn rolled, withered and turned yellow and the grass stood like dry hay upon the prairie. A few acres of barley which, by advice of Mr. Howell, Tom had sown for early feed, and a small patch of millet, ripened into a half crop. All the rest, even to the garden, failed utterly. The cows dried up of their milk and gave barely enough to subsist their calves in a poor, thin fashion.

Only Maisie's chickens flourished. The fowls did not seem to mind the drouth and hot weather and there was millet and barley enough for them. She raised nearly two hundred that season, and the surplus eggs, sold at Marionette, were a much needed source of revenue.

Those were discouraging days.

The hot winds raged, at intervals, all through July and August. Choking dust clouds fogged the brown prairie and the sun's rays poured unmercifully through a blarish, yellow haze of sky.

The only vegetation which flourished was that sprangling plant known as the "tumble-weed." These grew in great profusion upon the neglected fields and the "gopher-knolls"—hillocks thrown up by the pocket gopher. When ripe the dry plants were torn up and chased by the wind. They rolled past the doors of the settlers in endless procession, and of all sizes from the rim of a water pail to three and even four feet in diameter. When the wind blew with violence, their speed was great; bounding from point to

point, their flight like the grotesque jumping of kangaroos. They banked up in huge piles behind houses and sheds, every available shelter, in fact.

As the winds were continuously from the southwest with but few points of variation, these piles of weeds, when not cleared away by hand, became packed, and began to have, more or less, the appearance of permanent additions to the structures to which they were attached. A deep ravine near Cow Creek, running crosswise of the prevailing wind, became filled to the level of its lowest rim—so choked as to be utterly impassable for man or beast.

These weed-heaps were at first regarded by the new settlers simply as a nuisance, an annoyance added to the season's misfortunes. But they were to become formidable elements of destruction, adding highly inflammable and swift-flying food to the prairie fires which raged in September.

These fires were not prairie fires in any ordinary sense of the term, but sweeping conflagrations, covering many square miles, in which whole settlements were nearly annihilated; and which attacked and swept away entire portions of towns and villages. In fact, many lives were lost, and in some districts the inhabitants either abandoned their claims or were obliged to accept outside aid in money and provisions to get them through the winter.

The grass which had grown luxuriantly, as usual, in May and early June, burned like dry tinder and the parched sod, even, offered fuel to the flames.

The details of these numerous fires are now a part of the history of a wide scope of territory, the memory of a reign of helpless terror. Cow Creek Basin lay in the center of a broad belt over which, about the middle of September, raged one of the most frightful of these prairie holocausts.

In spite of several warnings which had come, in reports from "burned districts," and the steady menace of a pall of smoke which for several days had nearly obscured the sun, Tom Hewitt and Halvor

Severson were the only settlers in the basin who were thoroughly prepared for the emergency, and who escaped almost without loss.

The autumn before, a fire had "run" down Cow Creek, and burned a couple of stacks of hay around which Halvor had plowed and burned what he thought an ample fire-break. Taking warning at this, Tom proposed, when they began breaking the next spring, to throw their cabins into the center of the fields. This they had done and both shanties were surrounded for thirty rods or more by newly turned sods. The corn which they planted late failed to grow—most of it, in fact, failed to come up at all—on account of the drouth; and no vegetation gained a foothold except the tumble-weeds and these were already blown off the ground.

The day of the fire was hot, with a wind rather more westerly than usual, and the sun rose, a great, dull, red ball, at which the eye could gaze as steadily as through a smoked glass.

Early in the morning Mr. Barrington drove over to Tom's cabin to know if there was any errand he could do for the Hewitts at Marionette. This was the usual courtesy extended to each other by these two families and the Seversons. Maisie sent her gathering of eggs carefully packed in a firkin of salt, to be exchanged for needed groceries, and Tom, a broken whiffletree to be mended at a blacksmith's—he had tried fall plowing on his hard baked field with bad results.

A little after noon that day Tom, who was tinkering at a plow, near the stable, noticed that a shower of feathery black cinders had begun falling or drifting with the wind. He caught some of the particles in his half-closed palm and examined them in the shelter of the shed. They were cinders of burned grass plain enough.

He noticed, too, a smell of smoke more pungent than usual, and that the sun was nearly hidden by murky, drifting haze.

He hurried to the door of the shanty. "Maisie," he said, "there's a big fire

coming. It'll be here sure before night; I am going out to bring in the cows and young stock and get 'em into the stable."

Without waiting for a reply he hurried to the sheds, got out one of the horses and a saddle, which had been brought with other harnesses and trappings of his father's, and rode off at a gallop.

Maisie, who had been attacked with headache, was lying on her couch when called and felt too miserable to rouse up at once. She knew their cabin was safe from prairie fire, and if Tom got the cattle in, nothing belonging to them could be harmed—not even her precious chickens. Some of these had ventured in at the open door and were pecking about the floor in a yeaping, contented fashion.

At length, however, a smell of burning grass entered the room, and at the first whiff she jumped off her bed and ran outside, alarmed for Tom and the cows and calves. Immense volumes of smoke, lifted above the basin, were drifting overhead. The sun was entirely hidden. Smoke was rolling up in black clouds behind the Coteaus in the southwest, the buildings of the Howell farm faintly outlined against a dense, shifting background.

Straining her eyes toward Cow Creek, she could see Tom riding furiously, hurrying the cows and calves homeward.

Surely he would get them in in time, she concluded. Then her eyes fell upon the heaps of tumble-weeds behind the sheds—they had been kept pretty well cleared away from the cabin,—they were such a nuisance, getting into one's clothes and bobbing in through the open window or door.

But suppose a stray spark should alight in this pile back of the stable!

She got a pitch-fork and attacked the heap vigorously, hustling the big weeds out into the breeze, which chased them quickly out of sight. A slight shifting of the wind, in the morning, had dislodged a host of flitting wraiths, ousting them from all sorts of shelter, and the prairie was again lively with these bobbing phantoms.

By the time Maisie had finished clearing away the weed heap, she was in a fine sweat and her headache had flown.

But the fire had flown, too! She had thought of it as a long way off yet, and had not looked away from her work, but there, just across Cow Creek, was a long line of red, leaping tongues, jumping over one another, as it seemed, in their wild haste, and everything behind them hidden by scudding smoke clouds. This moving line of fire stretched away to the west and south as far as her eye could reach.

Tom was yet a quarter-mile or so distant and seemed to be having trouble with one of the cows and her calf. Over at Severson's she saw Halvor and his wife throwing water upon their barley stacks, which were close to the sheds. Their cattle were picking about upon the stubble ground a little to the north. She was glad Tom's barley and millet had been stacked in the center of the breaking,—if sparks should set them on fire, nothing else need burn with them.

A faint, crackling roar struck her ears, and she turned her face quickly again toward the southwest. The center of the red line—the fore-front or "head-fire"—a mile or so in width—had rushed down into the narrow gorge of Cow Creek, but above the blackened space there mounted huge columns of smoke, and volumes of flame, covering acres in extent, with writhing, black-tipped tongues leaping higher than the tops of the Coteau Hills. To the startled girl it seemed as though the earth itself had caught on fire.

Tom had heard too—he and the cattle were between her and the frightful flames—and he had turned his horse and sat gazing spell-bound at the monstrous conflagration.

The roar increased until it was like the rumble of thunder,—the ground quivering with it,—then began as rapidly dying away, while the sky-leaping flames sank slowly, yet with struggling, spiteful jumps, until they were lost in the gorge.

Then at a dozen places and almost at the same instant the blaze of the prairie

fire crept swiftly out and spread in leaping lines toward the basin settlement.

Maisie started to meet her brother and help with the cattle. One of the calves was lame, and she saw Tom suddenly abandon the effort to drive it and dash his horse at the little herd in advance. He drove them at a hard gallop clean to the stable door, chased them inside, and flung himself from his horse, hatless, his face flushed with wild excitement.

Maisie was more frightened than ever. "Tom, what was that awful, awful fire?"

"Tumble-weeds in a ravine!" he shouted, panting, then thrusting the horse's reins into her hand, "Lead him to the house quick; tie him; then soak a blanket sopping wet and get onto his back with it. We've got to save Mrs. Barrington and those children! That head-fire'll cross this basin like lightning and their fire-guard won't stop it a second. They've got to be run out onto that piece of breaking north of the house. Go, quick, quick; I'll ride Jim."

By the time he had bridled the other horse, led it out, shut the stable door and mounted, Maisie was in the saddle with a dripping blanket under her.

The next instant they were racing side by side at break-neck speed. Maisie clung to her saddle-horn, her fright vanished in a new and terrible anxiety. The young people thought of nothing behind them, only of the imperiled woman and her two children alone in that exposed house upon the prairie.

The smoke of the fire was now drifting straight ahead across the level basin, clouding the scattered cabins and fields. The riders were compelled to follow a slight trail made through the grass by travel to and fro between their cabin and the Barringtons.

As the smoke thickened they were compelled to slacken their speed to keep this track. As they did so the roar of the coming fire could be distinctly heard. The "headfire" was driving straight from the southwest, and would pass the end of Tom's field of breaking, with an unbroken stretch of basin grass—thick and heavy

enough for hay in the driest seasons—straight to the Barrington house and stables.

The only hope for the little family left there was to get them upon a sod field which Barrington had broken fully forty rods north of his buildings. He had in August plowed a couple of furrows about the house and, on a still day, had burned a strip, not more than thirty feet in width, around that and his barn, thinking this slender fire-guard ample protection!

When the two riders galloped up to the door, the smoke had thickened suffocatingly; the roof of the house could hardly be seen, and the crash and crackle of coming flames was almost deafening.

Mrs. Barrington stood in front of the house, her face white with terror, her little children—a boy of five and a girl of three—clinging to her dress and crying.

Tom sprang to the ground. "Here," he shouted, "get onto this horse,—let me help you. Can you ride fast?"

"Yes, yes," the woman cried.

"Up with you, then,—get astride! Here, take this little girl! And Maisie! Here, this boy! Now, wait a second," and he dashed into the house.

He ran to the one large bed-room, snatched two quilts from a pile of bedding which lay upon a trunk, then to a water-barrel which stood outside,—for they had no well yet.

He threw its cover off; the barrel was half-full. He soused one of the quilts, then sprang to Mrs. Barrington's side and threw the wet quilt over her shoulders.

"Hang to that and your baby!" he cried. "Ride to the center of the breaking—straight north—crosswise the wind—you can't n. Get off your horses there—let 'em —and cover yourselves with blankets!"

"n, what will become of Maisie in a new terror.

"ough it. Go! Go!" he screamed, as they rode away at a full gallop through the thick smoke.

As he ran to the water-barrel again, Tom noted the bank of tumble-weeds at

the east end of the house. He stood considering an instant.

"No use trying to save anything but myself," he muttered, "those weeds and that blistered pine siding will go in a flash."

Grass stood all around the building, except where it had been trampled out in front of the door; it was the same, he knew, at the board stables.

He plunged the other quilt into the water-barrel; his only chance of safety lay in getting onto the fire-guard and wrapping himself in that wet covering. With each instant the smoke grew thicker and more blinding, and the wind was laden with fiercer heat. His breath came sobbingly as he ran toward the burned strip on the north; a smoking tumbleweed brushed his legs and bunches of burning grass pelted him. He had barely time to reach the bare ground between the furrows, to wrap himself, head and body, in the dripping quilt, when the fire was upon him.

It came with a crackle and hiss of flames, and a snapping as of myriads of fire-crackers about his head. A suffocating heat enveloped him, penetrating the folds of his covering. He gasped for breath and felt the veins of his temples swell to bursting. There was a frightful surging in his ears, then faintness seized him and he fell at full length upon his face. Then, as he felt himself going—going—a rush of cooler air came through the loosened folds of his wrap and brought him to quick consciousness that the bath of fire had passed.

He threw off the quilt and struggled weakly to his feet. His smarting eyes

looked out upon black, desolate, smoking space, save when he turned toward the house and stable. Both buildings were wrapt in flames. They had caught and flared into blaze like powder magazines.

Then he looked anxiously to the north, and through the glimmering smoke saw Maisie galloping toward him, swinging her sun-bonnet joyfully.

Behind her, at some distance, he could make out Mrs. Barrington, carrying one child and leading another and the horse she had ridden. Soon the little party were gathered, viewing the blazing relics of the two buildings, the zigzag lines of the retreating fire, with smoking desolation behind them; yet they were glad enough to have lived through it, and to see that the Severson and Hewitt sod cabins stood unharmed.

This chapter, for want of space, can best be summed up in brief quotations from a column of headlines taken from the *Plateau Courier*, printed two days later at Marionette:

**CYCLONES OF FIRE! PLATEAU COUNTY SWEEP  
WITH A BROOM OF FLAME!**

Seven Great "Head-Fires"—Running Parallel to Each Other—Eleven Buildings Burned to the Ground in Marionette—The Courier Office Barely Escapes—Three Deaths in the Welsh Settlement—Perished in a Bath of Fire—Other Persons Killed and Injured—Great Loss of Stock—Cow Creek Basin Cleaned Out—Only the Severson, Hewitt and Jones Shanties Left—Gallant Ride of Young Hewitt and His Sister to Save Mrs. Barrington and Her Children—Barrington's Narrow Escape with His Team and Wagon on the Bald Knob of a Coteau—Reports of Whole Counties Devastated between Redfield and Watertown—Other Particulars of a Day of Dire Disaster.

[To be Continued.]

## TO A MISS OF THIRTEEN.

Oh, sweet Audrelle!  
I cannot tell,  
When I beheld thee,  
Why thy sweet face  
And winsome grace  
To love impelled me!

A budding flower  
'Neath shaded bower,  
By chance I found thee!  
Pure, chaste and fair,  
Thy beauty rare  
Threw Love's spell round me!  
*Doctor Roliafke.*



Photos by F. E. Foster, Iowa Falls.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.



PATRIOTISM.

THE FIFTH OF JULY.

## HOME THEMES.

### AN HOUR'S REST AND PEACE.

An hour in the park with the birds and flowers! The long, slender stems of grass nod gently to the passing breeze. The air is laden with the sweet scent of the clover blossoms and the rich perfume of the catalpa bloom. Stretched at full length on the grass, one looks up through the branches of the young maples and box-elders to watch the white summer clouds drift over him. How still, how delightful it all is! The fleecy clouds, the deep green leaves, the fresh grass, all talk of peace and hope in that subtle mother-tongue which touches the hearts. A blackbird spies me and comes chattering to the lower limb of an elm to scold for this invasion of his sacred precincts. He thinks his visitor has brought his own busy, crowding world with him—the world which is trying to forget that there is any of this wonderful peace still left on earth. But a moment's inspection by those sharp eyes tells his birdship that the world has been pushed aside for an hour, and his visitor comes, a child again, into this realm of flowers and birds and peace. So he flies away, saying to his feathered relatives, "Hush! Let him dream. The busy world will be better if

it has a message from this borderland of our dominion." The bees move from flower to flower with a drowsy humming that still further opens the heart to the silent persuasion of nature. Even the bugs and the ants are too intent upon their individual mission to turn aside to inspect this being who lies beside their path. A bluejay, clad in all the clean splendor of helmet and blue uniform, does not even give his reedy note of saucy challenge to-day; but he calmly looks and silently slips away. Into an open space between two branches there floats a slender, silver semi-circle. It is the first visible rim of the new moon—only a few degrees behind the day orb of fiery splendor. Out in the bright glare of the sunlight one might have searched the blue expanse in vain for a glimpse of it. But here in this little park, which some kind-hearted, broad-viewed man has planned, one's eyes may see strange things, one's ears may hear an undertone of melody, and one's heart may throw open its doors. *A. Abmon Whitten.*

A great and unselfish affection is always redemptive and purifying in its influence. *Mrs. Lillian Monk.*



## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

IN THE June *Chautauquan* "Some Grammatical Stumbling Blocks" are freely and bravely considered by Miss E. F. Andrews of Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia. Miss Andrews complacently regards the growing use of *they*, *them* and *their* for the singular in cases where the distinction of gender is to be avoided. This writer even commends "sweet Dolly Madison" for using *their* instead of *his* or *her* in the sentence: "I can only return to each individual my love and best thanks for *their* kindness." Miss Andrews ventures on a new and startling declaration of independence. She says: "We are too great a race and ours is too great a language to receive laws from foreigners. We levy upon all the world for contributions to our vocabulary, as well as to our population, but these newcomers [foreign words] on being accorded the rights of citizenship should be made to conform to our laws and customs." The whole case is well summed up in these words: "Speech is a born democrat; in its realm the voice of the people is supreme."

\* \* \*

THIS paper starts many suggestions in illustration of the point. Let us follow two or three of them.

How long will the grammarians go on teaching the use of *thou*, *thee*, *thy* and *thine*, when the "speech of people"—outside the sects that religiously employ biblical forms of speech—never varies from the use of *you* and *your*!

How long will teachers of language and style in our fashionable boarding schools continue to turn out upon inoffensive parents and neighbors finished young ladies trained to draw the line between the educated and the uneducated on mere artificial tests of pronunciation! Many a girl graduate who has never read the great classic of Spain sets down as ignorant and unlearned some man who has read the work again and again, but who persists in pronouncing it as it is

spelled, namely, *Don Quixote*. There was a time when these finishers insisted on *Parce*, but English and American common sense has driven them to accept the English pronunciation, *Paris*. George William Curtis in his lectures on literature delighted in ignoring the shibboleth of the formalists in pronunciation. To him *Don Quixote* was the sensible thing to say, and *Don Ke-ho-te*, with its several shades of mispronunciation, was an affectation.

Of course this rule of English pronunciation for continental European names has so many exceptions that one is almost ready to pronounce the rule the exception. But here, as everywhere else, common sense steps in and revises the rule, or adds a new exception to fit an evident necessity. The rule in this case should be, in substance, that when the spelling clearly suggests an English pronunciation one should follow the suggestion—*Paris* and *Don Quixote*, for example; but when the spelling gives no invariable suggestion of an English pronunciation, then adopt the local pronunciation, or follow the general rule of pronunciation in the grammar in which the word originated. For example, the German *au* should be given our *ou* sound, and the French terminals *ot* and *ault* should be given the English *o* sound, and the French terminal *s* should be eliminated from *Des Moines*, and words of like termination.

\* \* \*

BUT the principal suggestion we would make is as to the re-casting of questionable sentences. As the wisest statesmanship counsels the avoidance of an unnecessary issue, so the common-sense way of making sentences is the avoidance of all questionable forms of words. The discussion between our free-thinking and our orthodox grammarians presupposes a real necessity for some common gender pronoun, of the singular number,

either *they*, *their* and *them*, or the arbitrary masculine *he*, *his* and *him*, or yet the awkward *he or she*, *his or hers*, and *him or her*. But does the necessity exist? Take the sentences given by Miss Andrews, to illustrate. Dolly Madison might easily have re-cast her sentence making it read: "I can only return to *all* my love and best thanks for *their* kindness." If the sentence thus re-cast seems too general, then after the word *all* add, *severally or individually*.

Take the next sentence: "Either the husband or the wife will change *his* [or *their*] opinion." The awkwardness is removed by omitting the pronoun entirely, making the sentence read: "Either the husband or the wife will change opinion."

Fielding says: "Nobody knows what it is to lose a friend till they have lost one." He might better have said, "We cannot know what it is to lose a friend till we have lost one."

Charles Reade said: "Everybody was on deck amusing themselves as best they could." With somewhat less of awkwardness he might have said, "All were on deck amusing themselves as best they could."

As some people are always involving themselves in unnecessary complications, with their neighbors, in society and in business, so now and then we see a person who, like Mrs. Malaprop, (or was it her American descendant, Mrs. Partington?) "never opens her mouth without putting her foot in it."

The study of the conversationist should be to use the shortest, simplest, most unaffected, least questionable forms of words, thus leaving the listener free to sense the thought embodied in the words.

\* \* \*

THERE was less of hurrah in the recent Republican National Convention at St. Louis than in any preceding convention of that party. The serious business of that deliberative body was conducted deliberately and with business-like regularity. The Democratic National Convention promises to be more exciting, owing to

the more nearly even strength of the silver and gold factions; but the probabilities are that the dramatic features of four years ago will be absent; the majority will calmly insist on having its way; the minority will dignifiedly protest, and the appeal of the factions will be made to the country, as was done at St. Louis. Then will come the Populists with their widely differing views on governmental policies in general, but with one strong bond of union, namely, a purpose to take all possible advantage of the situation as left by the two great parties. In all three conventions will be noted the same business-like purpose, the same dispassionate speculation as to what the people want now and what they are going to want next November.

\* \* \*

THERE will be no more Tippecanoe campaigns, no more Wide Awake demonstrations, no more attempts to carry the country with white hat parades. The political campaigns of the future will be lost and won on questions of policy, not matters of sentiment. Nor will they be carried by the personal popularity of any one of the several tickets in the field. The standard, not the standard bearer, will henceforth be the chief issue. The individual judgment will henceforth be little swayed by spectacular effects in the campaign.

\* \* \*

ONE hopeful sign of the future of American politics is that on both sides of the money question now very much at issue, and in both the political parties conspicuously divided on that issue, there has been from the first an insistence that the party declaration, while it should avoid needless offense, should give forth no uncertain sound. The era beginning with Machiavelli and culminating in Talleyrand's time is happily gone into history. Its mission in history is one of warning to statesmen, individually and in association, that words are for the expression, not the concealment, of ideas; that time-serving is not statesmanship, and that all inventions to "fool the people" by paltering

in a double sense must surely and speedily return to plague their inventors.

\* \* \*

HON. CHARLES ALDRICH has the true instinct of the historian. The magazines of the period are filled with stuff which, claiming for itself historical value, is either gossip crystalized into tradition or pure brain coinage. Mr. Aldrich has (see his paper on Jefferson Davis and Black Hawk in the May MIDLAND) settled a question recently raised in one of the magazines. Mrs. Jefferson Davis in a recent letter to Mr. Aldrich writes:

Your notice of him [Jefferson Davis] in the Black Hawk War is peculiarly apposite just now, since ——— has denied through *McClure's Magazine* that Mr. Davis served through that war. She brought a whole beehive of indignant people about her ears, however. And when I wrote her correcting her denial, in defense of her statement she said that he was not mentioned in the records; but she would try to find out the truth of this scurrmage. I did not answer her flippant note, but thought, like Cardinal Ovensien, "See by what kind of people the world is governed," i. e., history is made.

Hon. F. R. Dixon, of Dixon, Illinois, writes Mr. Aldrich:

I have read with great interest in the May number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY your article on Jefferson Davis and Black Hawk. The subject you have written on comes very timely to me, as it helps to establish a point in history which I have been working on for some little time. The majority of historians have always assigned Jefferson Davis an active part in the Black Hawk War—as you are probably well aware—but a recent lady-writer (Miss Tarbell), who is writing up a series of "Studies of Lincoln" for *McClure's Magazine*, in a foot note to one of her articles denied flatly that Jefferson Davis took any part in the Black Hawk War, giving as authority Reuben G. Thwaites, of the Wisconsin Historical Society, and Nicolay and Hay, authors of "Lincoln's Life and Services." They seem to have found their authority from the War Department records, which they claim show that Mr. Davis was on "leave of absence" during the period of active hostilities in that war.

I should not perhaps have interested myself in combatting the assertion of Miss Tarbell and her authorities had not my grandfather—the late John Dixon—often made the statement that Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln and Robert Anderson (of Fort Sumter fame) all met at Dixon during the Black Hawk War and were entertained many times at his house. My grandfather was an early pioneer of Illinois (coming in 1820) and was an active participant in the Black Hawk War as guide and interpreter to General Atkinson. My grandfather always spoke of these three—now historic figures—as serving all through the Indian war at that time, and his statement has always been accepted as truthful. His veracity was never questioned while living. He was intimately acquainted with all three. I have made considerable research in this matter and to my satisfaction proved the point I wished. The consensus of opinion

of those with whom I entered into correspondence being that Jefferson Davis served actively throughout the Black Hawk War from its inception to its close. General Jones and Mrs. Jefferson Davis are emphatic on that point, and their testimony should have the utmost weight, etc.

There is no doubt but that Mr. Aldrich is right and Miss Tarbell is wrong. If it were necessary, Mr. Aldrich could produce abundant other testimony to prove that Jefferson Davis' military career in the Northwest was active and in every respect soldierly.

\* \* \*

THIS first number of THE MIDLAND'S sixth volume is signalized by the inauguration of a Woman's Club Department. It remains to be seen whether or not the club women of the midland region feel enough interest in it to warrant a continuance of this department beyond the present volume. On this point we have little question, however, for we already have advance assurances from officers and other influential members of federated clubs in the Midland States that such a department will be keenly appreciated. The fact is that the Eastern periodicals that are making vigorous efforts to interest the clubs of the Middle-West are not succeeding. They are firing at too long range. They are not in touch with the life and thought of the Middle-West. The other departments of these periodicals are not appreciably in sympathy with the club department. One periodical runs to fashions and fads, another to music and art, and another exemplifies the picture-book idea of magazine-making. The club women of this vast region west of the Alleghanies are finding in the MIDLAND MONTHLY a representative magazine—representative of life and thought part of which they themselves are,—more representative of that life and thought than it is possible for any Eastern periodical to become. Its descriptions, stories, sketches, home themes, poetry, educational papers, discussion of social problems, editorial comment and book reviews come closer home to the club women of the Middle-West than do all the contributions of all the Eastern

magazines together. "We read an occasional contribution in our Eastern magazines; but we read THE MIDLAND MONTHLY through." Thus writes a prominent club woman of the Middle-West. It is our purpose to sustain every other feature of this magazine, making it all quite as interesting to club women as the club department itself. Large space will not be given to the new department, but the space accorded it will be well filled. With the valuable editorial assistance of Mrs. Harriet C. Towner and the coöperation of a number of other women of large ability and prominence, THE MIDLAND'S Club Department can

and will be made a feature worthy the support of every progressive club woman in the Middle-West.

\* \* \*

IDAHO will at the next election decide whether or not the women of the State are politically the equals of the men. Judging from the intelligent faces of the prominent club women pictured in this magazine, the men of that new and progressive State ought to be, and doubtless are, proud to acknowledge their wives and mothers as their equal in all respects essential to an exercise of the right of suffrage.

## THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

What may we not expect of Emile Zola! When the author of *Pot Bouilli* gave us *Le Reve*, the wonder began. With *Lourdes*, the first of the promised Trilogy, — of which *Rome* is the second and *Paris* is to be the third, — there was grave disappointment among those who had a liking for the realism which, as in *Therese Raquin* seemed to select murderous lust as its *motif*. But among those who saw the suggestion of greatness in *L'Assommoir* and in *Germinal*, there was gratification in the purer air of *Lourdes*, and a looking forward to the next of the series. And now *Rome*\* lies before us, — and, having read the book, the city of Rome lies before us too, — not alone the Rome of to-day, but also the Rome of Augustus, of Tiberius, of Domitian, — the Rome of the Popes, — the Rome of persecution which drove the Christians to living death among the tombs, — and, too, the New Rome, mercenary, speculative, irreverent, showy. The reader tramps with Pierre through churches, galleries, and tombs without being bored by the long descriptions, for in the whole range of literature there are few pictures which can equal those which come thick and fast in Zola's *Rome*. The story is of a Paris priest, Pierre Fromont, who comes to Rome to defend his book, "The New Rome," from an adverse report to the Congregation of the Index. He is housed with an old family that lives in the past and sympathizes with Pope Leo XIII. in his semi-imprisonment. He is later brought in

contact with the adherents of the temporal power. The contrasting pictures are powerfully drawn. The passionate loves and hates of some, the intriguing spirit of others, the splendid formalism of the Church as an organization in contrast with the nobility and fine enthusiasm of the French priest, with the august dignity of Cardinal Boccanera, a grand embodiment of the Church's past, and with the splendid patriotism of Count Orlando, relic of the Garibaldi epoch, all together present a picture which ought to last, along with "John Inglesant" and with George Eliot's picture of old and new Florence, each struggling for ascendancy.

The story is subordinated to the evident purpose of the author, to present Roman Catholicism as wanting in vital piety, and to turn the mind from the spell of the Church to the individualism in which he strongly believes. The story of Benedetta and her ill-starred love for Dario, her ill-advised marriage of form, but not in fact, with Prada, the technically withheld divorce, the patient and virtuous waiting of the lovers under one roof for years, and the final annulment of the unjustly withheld decree, affords our one suggestion of the author's earlier psychological studies. The Paris priest, with all his unworldly enthusiasm, is a type of the man who must lead thought in our cities if ever they are saved from their besetting sins. Readers of *Rome* will eagerly wait for *Paris*.

Bradford Torrey loves birds and doesn't object to men if they are decent — and

\*In two volumes. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Macmillan & Co., N. Y. \$1.

picturesque. His "Spring Notes from Tennessee"\* is a dual story—not of gods and heroes, but of birds and humans. The author surprises troops of our northern birds on their spring migration from the Gulf and with only moderate success makes up to them in the rôle of old friend. But his best times are with the birds native to the South. His wild flight after some strange bird, his opera glass in hand and his hand raised for quick use as occasion may offer—the natives looking on in amazement—recalls a little story which the writer, when an editor of the *Cornell Era*, related in that sheet concerning Louis Agassiz.

One Saturday, soon after the Professor's arrival at the university, two students in zoölogy, started up the country road to meet the Professor by appointment. They stopped before a farm house and asked the farmer if he had seen Professor Agassiz pass that way.

The farmer answered "No."

"But haven't you seen *anybody* pass lately?" persistently inquired the student. The farmer shook his head and replied, "Nobody, except a crazy Dutchman huntin' birds-nests over yonder."

And sure enough! there in a tree, up the road, was the venerable professor, trying to adjust his corpulent body and short arms to the unyielding angles and long reaches of a roadside maple. Stopping to wipe his steaming and red face with his silk handkerchief he called out, "Young gentlemen! I guess I shall have to resign this task to you."

Mr. Torrey is rather better equipped for his hunt, and the strange, droll sights he saw and the strange sweet sounds he heard would fill a book—*have* filled a book, except as here and there a page is given to old bird friends and to the human interest which attaches to so much of Tennessee since the War. Present dwellers in Tennessee, that great battle-ground of the War, were in the main interesting to him as was he, the Bostonian, to them; but,—we quote his words: "Somehow it was not so often the people about me that occupied my thoughts as those who had been here thirty years before. . . . Hither and thither I went in the region round about, listening at every turn, spying into every bush at the stirring of a leaf or the chirp of a bird; yet I had always with me the men of '63, and felt always that I was on 'holy ground.'"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has done what few would dare attempt—has introduced into a modern purpose story the element

of the supernatural. "The Supply of St. Agatha's,"\* a rare old man, a minister after Cowper's own heart, is unable to fill his appointment owing to a call for his presence which came from a poor dying neighbor, and a cold which followed exposure in the going and coming—a cold resulting in the old man's death. A stranger presents himself and preaches in his stead—and such burning words of truth as fell from his lips! It is evident to the congregation afterwards that the Christ has been in their midst. It is a beautiful little book, elegantly printed and illustrated and the contents come back to the reader afterwards full of helpful meanings.

"A Study in Hypnotism,"† by Sydney Flower, author of "Hypnotism Up to Date," is an ingeniously told love story, into which is woven the philosophy of hypnotism, with interesting applications of the author's theory. The public has thus early come to expect some form of devilishness from the development of any tale into which hypnotic effects are introduced; but in this story we have the power of the hypnotist rightly and benevolently used. Incidentally, the author quiets the fears of the reader by reasoning out to a conclusion that the hypnotist's subject is never an unwilling one and, consequently, the hypnotist is not as dangerous as he seems.

"The Life and Writings of Amelia Bloomer"‡ is an interesting history of the reform movement now powerfully stirring the women of America. Many imagine the woman whose name is attached to the dress-reform movement in the Fifties was a disputatious, aggressive, notoriety-seeking woman who had chosen dress-reform as a means to an end. The fact is that the dress-reform which Mrs. Bloomer editorially and in person adopted originated with Mrs. Miller, daughter of Gerrit Smith, the famous abolitionist. After wearing the Miller costume some six years, finding her prominence as a dress-reformer interfered with her real work, for temperance and for the advancement of women, Mrs. Bloomer resumed the regulation dress of her sex and ever after wore it.

Forty-one years ago Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer emigrated from Central New York to Council Bluffs, Iowa. This change did not suppress the reform spirit in the indomitable little woman.

\*Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

†The Psychic Publishing Co., Chicago.

‡By D. C. Bloomer, LL. D., Arena Publishing Co., Boston. 50 cents.

\*Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.



The newness of the West infused into her new enthusiasm. Catching the pioneer spirit, she was soon found speaking and writing continually for the cause that lacked assistance. It is interesting to note the spirit of this woman's mission working itself out in our present-day women's club federations and temperance unions and at our elections to appropriate money for public schools. The book is strong in incident and suggestion. Its selections from Mrs. Bloomer's writings reveal this pioneer reformer to have been too large of soul to be consigned by the public to a place among conspicuous hobbyists.

"Whose Soul Have I Now,"\* by Mary Clay Knapp, is one of the many books for which the Arena Library Series is responsible, which vividly picture the misery of low-plane marriages and the felicity of soul union. Like many another of the Arena stories it is loaded with the author's purpose—that purpose thinly veiled in symbolism and theosophic mysticism. The final coming together of Margaret and Melbourne, though without the conventional approaches, is, nevertheless, the old story over again. He clasped her in his arms and bent and kissed her and, after taking breath, exclaimed, "Ah, this is heaven!" And in this sentiment she heartily concurred.

Mrs. Isadore Baker's little book,† made up chiefly of elegiac poetry, abounds in noble thought well versed. Even at this late day, it is hard for one who loves children—and consequently loves the memory of Eugene Field—to read the first poem without the starting of a tear for the poet who a few yesterdays ago passed in dream—

Out in the silence where Little Boy Blue  
Wandered so far away  
That he never came back to earth again  
But in song of a wistful day.

The tributes which follow, notably those to Curtis, Grady, O'Reilly, Booth, Whittier and Lincoln, evince rare appreciation happily united with a finely attuned ear.

"The Past of Our College,"‡ is a neat little volume containing the last public address given by the late Rev. George Frederic Magoun, D. D., first president of Iowa College, Grinnell. The address was delivered before the Alumni Association of the College, at Grinnell, June 11, 1895. It is a remarkably vigorous and suggestive production, a worthy

monument to the wisdom and sagacity of its author.

"Iowa at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893,"\* is a highly prized souvenir of the notable part taken by the Hawkeye State in the great World's Fair. The book is replete with information relative to Iowa, backed by a formidable array of statistics. It is profusely illustrated with portraits of the men who were active in the work of representation at Chicago,—but we look in vain for the women who so ably seconded the work of the men. With sufficient means at the Commission's command, it is a pity it didn't authorize a better quality of paper for at least the illustrated pages of the book. But, even with this fault, the work is of interest now and is valuable for preservation.

The greatest German scientist now living, Emil Du Bois-Reymond, is gifted with rare power of expression, and the student of the German language will find in a little book just issued, edited by Professor James Howard Gore† of Columbia University, a great help to the study of his inimitable style and to the comprehension of technical difficulties in the construction of German sentences. The editor has chosen one lecture which the Professor wrote early in life when he was full of enthusiasm over recent discoveries, and two others, written later in life, which contain a whole magazine of diversified knowledge. The foot notes are profuse and are of great value to the student.

"The Daughter of a Stoic,"‡ by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, is a love story after the order of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, except that—beyond a few ardent kisses exchanged by parties who for the time being forget their matrimonial engagements with other parties—the errancies are not so pathetically long drawn out. The dialogue is cleverly handled and the story is well told.

#### RECEIVED.

"An Oatin Pipe," by James B. Kenyon. J. Selwin Tait & Sons, publishers, New York.

"A Parting and a Meeting." Story. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York.

"The Purple East," by William Austin Stone & Kimball, New York.

\*F. N. Chase, Secretary Iowa Columbian Commission, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

†Tierische Bewegung: Ueber die Grenzen des Naturerkennens: Die Sieben Welttratsel. Ginn & Co., New York.

‡Macmillan & Co., New York. \$1.25.

\*Arena Publishing Co., Boston. 50 cents.

†In Memoriam, Isadore Baker, Iowa City.

‡Secretary, Iowa College, Grinnell.



